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ART. I.—A PLEA FOR THEOLOGY.

[An Address delivered before the "Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School," July 18, 1845. By ALVAN LAMSON, D. D.]

I HARDLY need say to you, Gentlemen, that the selection of a topic of address on an occasion and before an audience like the present, must necessarily be attended with no slight embarrassment. I am unwilling to take a mere abstract topic, or one which has no reference to the times. And yet of the times, and the religion and theology of the times it is a difficult and somewhat delicate matter to speak. A friend has suggested to me as a suitable subject, 'The Decline or Neglect of Thorough and Accurate Scholarship in the Ministry.' But this takes for granted what possibly some may think requires proof, and I do not like this looking round for defects. Yet I am desirous of saying something on the subject of theological studies, and something, if possible, which may help to a right estimate of them, and I have therefore chosen for my theme the Importance of Theological Science and Thorough Scholarship in the Ministry, at the present day. In other words, I would utter a Plea for Theology, embracing, as I here use the term, not simply Biblical literature, criticism and interpretation, but the nature, source, foundation and sys-

tematic arrangement of religious truths generally, whether derived from reason and the facts of consciousness, or from positive revelation.

Religion in its more practical aspects, especially as connected with the philanthropic movements and various social reforms of the day, is discussed elsewhere. It is discussed in our conferences and conventions, particularly during the anniversary week, in the neighboring metropolis, where the tribes meet, and our own little tribe among the rest, and many an animating word is uttered and the holy fire is rekindled on the altar of many hearts. A somewhat different atmosphere here breathes around us. We come back to the halls of science, to the fountains whence we drank in our earlier days, ere we had gone out on life's hot, dusty way. We come to greet our young friends, the teachers and theologians of the coming day. Theology surely may here claim a little thought. The times, if I mistake not, are pointing to it. They are interrogating us of theology, as well as of religion, and the questions, what is the worth of theology, and what good comes from it, what has it ever done for the world, or can do, and what do we, our denomination in particular, want of theology, or of theologians, — questions some of them often asked, and at times deridingly, or with scorn, — have a deep significance in themselves and a still deeper from their connexion with several of the problems of the age. A plea for theology then — the claims of theology, and the neglect of it and its remedy — this is my theme. I am not about to speak to or for any party, sect, or division of a sect. I wish, if possible, to take my stand outside of all of them. I wish to speak for theology in its largest sense, as a science, the study of which all are interested in promoting, not of any particular theology, or set of doctrines or opinions, about which I do not feel the utmost anxiety, because I believe that if these are wrong, the error, if the right course be pursued, will finally vanish. Theology, though it may occasionally find itself in a false position, will, if it be fairly treated, in the end right itself, and Christianity will go on its way. I shall speak with all plainness, relying on your candor to excuse my defects, and put a kind construction on my language.

Let me begin by saying a few words on the neglect of



theology, or indifference to it, supposed or real, in our denomination. I said that I do not like to look around for defects, nor would I lend a too credulous ear to the expressions of discontent or complaint which are occasionally heard. They may be but idle breath, mere murmurs of the summer wind. But they may be something more. There *does* seem to be in many minds a dissatisfaction with the present state of theology among us, and possibly there may be some ground for it. The want of a scientific theology, or a more thorough treatment of critical and theological questions than has been common with us of late, is beginning, it is said, to be extensively felt. The complaint has come, and still comes to us, that critical and theological studies are little respected among us, and a regard for them needs to be revived; that theological learning is fast dying out; that our sermons do not contain a sufficiently full and explicit statement of doctrines and the philosophical grounds of them, to satisfy the demands of the age; that the theology embraced in them is meagre, superficial, unsatisfactory. Our devotion to aesthetic culture, it is sometimes insinuated, has been too exclusive. We are accused of favoring a sort of devout sentimentalism, beautiful as summer clouds, but as unsubstantial, rather than dealing with the bone and sinew of great truths and principles. And again, we are either coldly ethical, we are told, or else in our eagerness to do justice to the religious element of the soul, we neglect the reasoning faculty, and view religion too exclusively on the side of the feelings and too little on the side of the intellect. At all events, it is said, that theology is not honored nor pursued among us to the extent it should be; that too few of our divines, however meritorious in other respects, are theologians. The tendency of the age, we are told, is to depreciate scholarship, and especially theological scholarship, understood to mean not the mere husk and shell of traditionary learning, which is not entitled to respect, but the best results of profound study and research.

Such is the complaint. Now there may be in a portion of these charges some slight admixture of truth, enough, at least, to give them an air of plausibility, and entitle them to attention. I am by no means sure that as a denomination we *have*, especially of late, been just to the

claims of a living, scientific theology. Certainly there are some facts or appearances, which have either operated to the discouragement of theological studies, or which may be construed into symptoms of their neglect and decline, or both.

Nor can I think that this is altogether the fault of the religious teachers themselves. The present depressed condition of theology among us certainly is not to be attributed wholly to them. They have done what the times required. They have been pastors to their flocks. Viewed as a class, too, I suppose it will be conceded, that there has appeared among them a fair proportion of acute, discriminating, and effective preachers; able discourses on high themes of duty and consolation; men of fresh, vigorous minds uttering living truths from their own full hearts; men, too, some of them, of affluent thought, uniting the best treasures of ethical wisdom with refined intellectual culture; men of piety; spiritual men, kindling with faith and love and transfusing them into the souls of their hearers. And all these have been needed. Our preachers have done the work of their times, and they will do it still, the younger of them making themselves, as I have full faith that they will, what the times demand. If they have not, in general, become theologians in the strict sense of the term, it is partly because time and opportunity have been wanting, and partly because there has been no call for theology. The weekly round of a minister's labors, if those labors are performed faithfully according to the ideas of pastoral duty and preaching now prevalent among us, proves sufficiently exhausting to most constitutions. Then the means of prosecuting theological studies beyond the very narrowest limits are wanting in our denomination. From a multitude of causes, some of them growing out of the general tendencies of the age, and affecting literature as well as theology, and some of them peculiar to our own country, and connected with the nature of our civil institutions, with the character of social life among us, or with our sentiments and tastes as a sect, the provision which is made for theology among us, is of the slenderest kind. We have no endowments, or next to none, to aid us in the study of it; and no libraries containing ample records of the thoughts of other minds and collected stores of learned research.

Not only are the means denied, but it has been long felt, I believe, that little encouragement *has* been afforded in our denomination to the prosecution of the higher studies in theology. In truth there has been, or has seemed to be, an indifference to theology. There has been no demand for theology in the pulpit or elsewhere. Theology has not been asked for nor prized; and when pursued, it has been pursued for its own sake, and from a principle of pure love and reverence; and the study of it has been abandoned to a great extent by those who by mental constitution or taste were predisposed to engage in it. Some, who had started perhaps with high hopes, going forth in all the ardor of youthful enthusiasm, with hearts full of courage and trust, who had thought to penetrate into the inner temple of the sacred science, have proceeded a little way, and looking sadly round on the cheerless prospect, have paused and hesitated, and finally turned back, or diverged into more trodden or more inviting paths. If they have retained their profession, they have removed from their shelves their tomes of theology to make room for something which would avail them more. And why should they not? If old Jerome or Origen could be exchanged for a few piquant volumes of some popular novelist of the day, or half a library of the fathers be sold for a sum that would procure an edition of Carlyle, a good bargain, so far as immediate success in one's profession was concerned, certainly offered itself. Books treating worthily of the critical and higher theology cannot be published among us except by men of fortune. No bookseller is now simple enough to take the hazard of publication. A political pamphlet, a third or fourth rate novel, or a translation or reprint of the most flimsy production of the European press, a well written work of history, or a volume of crude, coarse, sectarian divinity will sell, but how few buy, or want, or care for a really profound work on theology, and especially Unitarian theology! It requires years to get off even a moderate edition of such a work, if disposed of at all.

Perhaps the necessity of critical studies has been less sensibly felt among us from the predominance of the element of common sense in our theology. The Unitarian theology has claimed to be, by eminence, the theology of common sense. It undoubtedly is so, and this is one of

its merits. Common sense is an excellent thing both in metaphysics and theology, and a few grains of it are worth more than all scholastic refinements and subtleties. Yet the disposition to refer everything to obvious laws and the mere common sense judgments of men, tends certainly to dwarf science, to damp the ardor of critical inquiries, and produce empiricism, whether in metaphysics or theology. This empiricism Unitarianism may have escaped by the general high intellectual culture of those who have embraced it, still if the disposition referred to has had the effect of insensibly diminishing a feeling of the necessity of a thorough, deep, and learned theology, the result need be no matter of surprise.

Another cause may have operated incidentally in producing a similar effect. It is a question of some interest and importance, what influence has hitherto been exerted, and what is to be exerted in future, by the introduction among us of what may be called a certain form or modification of transcendental truths and opinions. Of the final result I have no doubt, and I hesitate not to say, that I think it will prove decidedly beneficial. The movement which has taken place in the world of intellect, especially the attention bestowed on the higher philosophy within the last few years, and the stirring up of the still waters of theology, which has been the consequence, are in the end to elevate theology. They are to invest the subject with new interest, to infuse into it a new element of life. There was undoubtedly need of a more spiritual philosophy than was prevalent some years ago, though the defect in this particular has been much exaggerated, for the reality and importance of supersensual truths have never been extensively called in question among us. Still an impulse was needed, and it has been given, and good has already come of it, though not unmixed with evil. That the effect has hitherto been to narrow the range of theological studies and produce too great a contempt for the productions and experience of the past, I think, cannot be denied. There is no doubt in my mind but that the doctrine of 'intuitions,' 'universal inspiration,' 'instinctive convictions,' 'impulsiveness,' 'spontaneity,' well founded and important as it is, has yet, by the use which has been made of it, or the misapprehensions connected with it, done something



to lower the estimate of true scholarship, and discourage patient inquiry and thought. It has introduced, I must say, as it seems to me, a narrow, and in some respects a false principle of judging in matters pertaining to thought and intellect, and been the occasion of some shallow and flippant criticism. It has led to the conclusion, on the part of some, that study is a useless "weariness of the flesh." All useful truth, at least all spiritual truth, is spontaneous, and cannot be learned; and books, those storehouses which contain the treasures of the past thoughts and past experience of the race, have been spoken of with a lightness not altogether deserved.

I am not expressing a doubt of the reality of intuitive truths. I fully believe and always have believed in them. It is only an abuse of the doctrine of instinctive convictions and impulses to which I refer. Many of those who have talked against books, have made as much use of them as others, and, in truth, have derived their highest inspirations from them; they have used them to stimulate thought, but it has been different with their imitators and disciples, who have taken some of their expressions too literally, or misconceived their import. I cannot but think that the state of feeling, the mental habitudes and tastes to which I refer, have produced an effect unfriendly to that unremitted study and wide research, without which we must have either a superficial theology, or a theology deformed by many errors. Yet I have no fear for the future. What has happened will do us good, if we make a right use of it. We have been sent, as some have complained, to learn theology, as well as aethetics, of divine youths and maidens, — pleasant teachers enough, — and no doubt they have taught us some things worth remembering, though their Delphic utterances have occasionally confounded the mighty, and proved enigmas to the wise; and many crudities have been poured out upon the public, which a larger acquaintance with the history of opinions and processes of thought in other minds, in ancient and modern times, might have prevented. The evil, however, is but temporary, the good, I trust, permanent.

One thing is clear, — we must have theological scholarship. We must have a living, active, scholarlike theology; and theologians in the highest sense of the term. We can-

not long do without them. I shall not consume time in the attempt to exhibit the dignity of theology in itself considered. I shall proceed on no such abstract ground, though something, I think, might be plausibly said for theology in this connexion even. Viewed in its relation to absolute truth, though from the abstruse nature of some of the subjects about which it is conversant, it can never form an attractive study, it might be difficult to prove, except upon the lowest utilitarian hypothesis, that it is not entitled to some regard. It might not be easy to show that inquiries which of old, from the remotest period of antiquity, from the time when men first began to reason and think, awakened the curiosity of the human mind, and which have engaged the attention of some of the sublimest intellects the world has ever known, are unworthy of serious thought. We are accustomed to say that all truth is valuable. Yea, the divinest thing in the universe, if we except virtue, is truth. And why should the truths of theology, regarded as abstract truths even, be excluded from the range of topics suited to occupy the reflections of a liberal mind? But on this I do not insist. I am willing to place theology on the ground of a rational utility, and let her abide the test. When it is asked tauntingly, your heavenly goddess, what does she? What is she but a distant divinity, sitting on her misty throne in the clouds, receiving, it may be, the homage of speculative intellects, but doing nothing for humanity? — I reply, she is much more than this, and thus to exalt her on a barren throne, deck it as we may, is to do her great injustice.

First, let us view theology in its relation to the wants of the individual mind. There are questions which are continually rising, which belong to no age, but of which the minds of every age, as soon as they begin to exercise thought on the subject of religion, ask a solution, and a solution must have before they can attain to a state of full satisfaction and rest. Is it not so? First comes the unquestioning faith of childhood. The religious sentiment is active, and beautiful indeed are some of its manifestations. The period of doubt has not yet arrived. That waits the development of the intellect, for all skepticism is of the intellect. But the time of thought is reached; the mind, at least, if it possess a certain degree of inherent activity,

begins to reason; objections start up, strange problems present themselves, and the faith of childhood is reviewed. Religion must now be contemplated in its relation to the intellect as it has been before in its relation to the feelings, or rather has existed as a sentiment or feeling disconnected with all the subtler processes of the reflective powers. Can any one who thinks at all, avoid, one time or another, thus looking at religion and the doctrines of religion, yes, and the commonest doctrines too, those relating to God, Jesus Christ, sin, repentance, reconciliation, forgiveness, human immortality, in their connexion with reason, and the individual reason? That is, religion passes from the region of feeling or sentiment into the region of ideas, thought, knowledge. And here we arrive at theology, and we must now take her to our side.

I do not forget the distinction between theology and religion. I insist upon it. Still I say that religion cannot separate itself from theology and yet satisfy the wants of the individual mind, which sooner or later begins to question, and demands harmony between the feelings, blind faiths, and instincts,—and the intellect. Theology views religion on the side of the intellect. This is its special province. It subjects feelings and faiths to analysis; it states, it explains; it looks difficulties in the face, and solves them as it best can. True there are some difficulties it cannot solve, and therefore it is ever modest. It deals with truths which run up into the unknown and infinite. It must occasionally enter the obscure region of metaphysics, and must sometimes find itself at the utmost boundary to which human thought in its highest efforts of abstraction can ever penetrate,—where light and darkness blend and knowledge vanishes into uncertainty, and nothing is left for it but to bow and adore, and wait the revelations of the “great teacher, Death.” We have as yet no “Intellectual system” of the universe, which explains all the enigmas of spiritual life, nor shall soon have. Still theology is expected to do, and it does, something. It does satisfy many wants of the mind. It furnishes a basis of doctrines, or truths, in which it can rest, and which are necessary not more to present contentment and comfort than to stability of faith, and in truth to all settledness in religion, all security amid the ebbs and flows, the thousand currents and counter-currents of ever varying opinions.

The disparagement sometimes thrown on theology by sincere and well-meaning, and in some respects intelligent minds, is undeserved. Why not make men good, religious, pure, holy, benevolent, it is asked, and let theology alone? The reply is, you cannot, if you would, stifle human thought; you cannot put the intellect to sleep. Command it to be silent, it will not obey you. Men will think and reason about religion, do and say what we will. And why should they not? These high themes—is not the intellect to be brought to bear on them? Should it not be? Can one, should one wish to pronounce a divorce between reason and religion,—or say that to carry reason, thought, inquiry into religion is impious? Then would there be nothing for the theologian to do. This would indeed be to “make a solitude” and “call it peace.” As long as there is thought there must be theology. The intellect, if exerted at all, will put interrogatories, and these interrogatories must be answered. Some science of religion, some intellectual statement of religious truth, some theory or system, some philosophy of belief, in a word, some theology, men must and will have, and if they do not receive it from sound theologians, they will accept it from pretenders and empirics.

I have spoken of theology in its relation to the wants of the individual mind, and does it not, according to the view which has been taken, really appear to be something necessary and useful, something of which we must have either the reality or the counterfeit, the thing itself, or something which has the look and show of it. Which is better I need not say.

Again, theology has relations to human science and the general advance of the intellect, which require that it should be active, thorough, and scholarly, and if it be not, the cause of religion will suffer. This topic I have not time fully to develop and I must content myself with stating, in as few words as possible, two or three facts and principles which to me appear obvious and indisputable. I cannot go into the question, nor is it necessary to my present purpose, of the alleged skeptical tendencies of modern research and discovery. It may happen that the theology or doctrinal expositions of an age and its principles of biblical interpretation are at war with established



facts of science. There is nothing singular or new in this, and nothing alarming if the friends of religion are wise and understand their position, and are true to it. The popular theology has from the first, as successive new steps have been taken by science, frequently appeared at variance with the recently ascertained fact or law, and apprehensions have at times been felt lest the whole edifice of revelation should totter and fall. And what has been the course pursued and what the result? Well meaning, but mistaken friends of religion have undertaken to impugn the facts of science. But this course has always proved perilous, in the highest degree, to the cause of revelation. For however it may have succeeded for a time and with minds trained up amid a certain set of religious influences, the principles of reason and of our common nature have ever compelled, and will compel, the human mind at length to bow to the laws of science. Theology therefore, at the epochs to which I refer, the epochs of great discoveries, has found it necessary to re-examine its dogmas, and has successively abandoned positions which it could no longer retain without assuming an attitude of direct hostility to knowledge. The result has hitherto been that it has not found the fortress of Christianity shaken. It has only been forced to surrender some insignificant outposts, which it had injudiciously, or from ignorance or mistake occupied; it has called back its troops on discovering its error, and the tumults of war have ceased, the dust and smoke have cleared away, and the banner of the cross has been seen still floating securely over the rock-built citadel.

I need only allude in illustration to the times of Galileo. The conclusion to which he arrived, by a process strictly scientific, relating to the earth's motion, was denounced by the mistaken religionists and by many of the theologians of the day as false and contrary to the Scriptures. But the earth *did* move, notwithstanding. The fact was clear. And what did the theologians, or the church do in the end? They re-examined their theology, along with the popular notions and principles of Biblical interpretation and criticism on which it was founded, and they saw their error. The Bible, it was found, was meant to teach not science but religion — to reform not astronomy, but the human heart. In regard to physical phenomena it used the popular

phraseology founded on the appearance of natural objects to the senses. It was not necessary that it should adopt any other. It was concerned with spiritual truth alone — with man's relations as a moral and accountable being, with his affections, his consolation, and hope, in a word, with religion and morality. It might safely leave the physical laws of the universe gradually to unfold themselves to the growing and expanding intellect of the race.

Other and similar crises come, and will come. Take the simple illustrations of geology and astronomy. What strange revelations have they made within a recent period, and what revolutions have they brought about in men's opinions on some often most important elevated of subjects. Geology is penetrating the crust of the earth, and bringing up her newly discovered relics, and placing them before us, she relates to our wondering ears tales more marvellous than poets ever sung, tales of growth and decay and mighty revolutions at indefinitely remote periods. She is reading us a new chapter in the history of the globe we inhabit. While Geology is doing this, her star-crowned sister is piercing the glorious heavens, resolving nebular light, and from the hitherto fathomless depths of ether summoning into being new suns and new firmaments. And what is theology to do now? What does its relation to human science demand of it? Theology cannot remain silent, sitting solitary and voiceless in her ancient time-stained temple, like a dead idol, while all this din and noise of discovery are going on without. We must have a living, and not a dead theology, a mere petrification of the past. We must have a living theology that from age to age can define great and essential principles and truths, and separate them from the rubbish which men have gathered around them, and have mistaken for parts of those truths themselves. Religion must ever go side by side with science, and it belongs to theology to show how she can retain her position, nor be discrowned, but convert her rival into her servant and worshipper.

What is theology to do, is it asked? It must do what it has done before. It must review its teachings, its laws of criticism, its theories of the character, design and meaning of those venerable books so hallowed to our memories and so dear to our hearts that we cannot speak of them, nor

patiently hear them spoken of, with levity, which yet we may not fully understand. The result we need not fear. Theology, I am persuaded, is capable of reforming itself, and putting itself in harmony with science without sacrificing one great living truth of the Gospel.

This at least is certain, — there is but one way of counteracting what are called the skeptical tendencies of modern science, which is to show that the *real* results of scientific discovery do not conflict with any of the great essential truths of religion, and to this purpose, if need be, after the example of former ages, reform and modify the existing theology. Amid the advances continually made in the natural and speculative sciences, religion in its intellectual aspects or relations must not be allowed to fall behind the age; must not remain in the rear of human thought, or it will come to be regarded as an outworn and obsolete institution, and as the world's current sweeps on, will be passed by as a stranded bark on the shores of time.\*

I have said more than I originally intended, though less than the subject seems to demand, on theology considered in its relation to human science. And now will any one, contemplating this relation, say that we have no need of a wise, enlightened and comprehensive theology? Must not theology, as I said, from time to time explain herself?

\* A single example will illustrate my meaning. Will the world much longer endure a theology which teaches that all the deformity visible in nature, all the physical derangements and marks of violence exhibited by the crust of our globe, are to be referred to the introduction of sin into the world? I suppose that few of us will hesitate to say that a theology of which such a theory forms a part, is opposed to the truths of science, certainly as at present understood and seemingly well established. It is the theology of a former age, it does not belong to the present; it is as much out of place now as was the theology which taught that the earth is at rest, after Galileo had said, aside at the confessional, stamping his foot on the earth, "she does move though." That the disturbing forces alluded to were in existence and many of the effects wrought by them, indicating great convulsions in the surface of our planet, took place before men appeared upon it and sinned, is, I take it, not now to be classed among hypotheses, but among the indisputable facts of science. Theology then must explain itself in consistency with these facts, or the intellect of the race will range itself on the side of infidelity.

The theologian, however, will carefully distinguish between established facts of science and mere opinions. Thus the "nebular hypothesis," as it is called, of the origin of worlds, with which the author of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" starts, and the credit of which is due, I believe, to La Place, cannot as yet be classed with the established facts, but is only an ingenious conjecture of science, and were it established, it does not necessarily preclude an intelligent Creator.

Must she not take religion with her into the region of thought, of ideas, the region of science, and show that this daughter of the skies can walk there unharmed, yea, can sit a crowned queen in the very temple of science itself?

From the speculative and inductive sciences turn your eye for a single moment to the province of historical research. Historical inquiries are now conducted on principles which claim to be more scientific than those which guided the older authors whom we tasted in our youth. And what has been the result? A large amount of skepticism, no doubt, as the Niebuhrs and others will tell us. And has not this skepticism penetrated the domain of Christian history, and the Christian records themselves? And do we not need theologians who shall explain the origin and character of that skepticism, and taking their stand in Christian antiquity and gathering around them all the mouldering remains and obscure faiths and literatures of those distant times, shall tell us where and how far we have been deceived, if we have been deceived. It is said that historical skepticism has reached its extreme point of vibration and the pendulum now begins to swing in the opposite direction. However this may be, as the laws of historical belief have undergone a re-examination in recent times, theology, in one of its departments, must be prepared to reply to the question how far the Christian evidences are affected by the light, or the pretended light, which has broken in upon the path of history; what conclusions are shaken and what remain firm; how far the spirit of doubt and disbelief may go, and where truth and all the laws of evidence compel it to stop.

There is another relation of theology which makes the study of it both an imperative duty and a necessity, which the public is beginning to see, though, as it seems to me, without a distinct perception of what is to be done to encourage such study, — it is the relation it sustains to the *religious* questions and problems of the age. Several of these questions have come up within the few years last past, and some of them have important practical bearings. I have already alluded to the subject of historical testimony. I now refer more particularly to questions connected with what is termed the spiritual philosophy of the day.



What constitutes the appropriate evidence of religious truths? What is the legitimate province of intuition, and how far do the intuitions of consciousness really conduct us in religion, and where do they fail us? What are entitled to be considered first or instinctive truths, and how many such truths are there? Is the soul's immortality one of them? And what, after all, are the laws of human belief? Do modern discoveries, or progress in the higher philosophy, render miracles less credible or less needed than in former times? Whence has arisen the disposition of late to call in question their reality and value? — Human inspiration, of which so much is said, — in its last analysis, what is it? Is it anything more than has been always recognized under the different names of the light of reason, or light of nature, the natural teachings of the human intellect? Is it special or general, and what are its laws? These, and I mention them only as specimens, are questions, which, with a multitude of others, belong to theology in its broadest sense and which theology must settle. They occasion perplexity to many minds probably as much from want of precise ideas, and a clear definition of terms as from anything else. But whether this be so or not, they are questions which the theology of the age must maturely consider, and if they are simply old questions and old difficulties called up from the forgotten past, and clothed in a new dress, it must say so, and show it, and it must point out the path which true modesty requires us to tread in regard to belief or unbelief.

What has been said of theology as it regards the results of historical inquiry, and the discoveries of modern science, may be said of it in its connexion with the religious questions founded on what is denominated the spiritual philosophy of the day. That is, it must not remain silent. It must examine this philosophy, and show how much of it is true and how much a mere fallacy, and it must define its position.

A similar remark may be made respecting critical theology. New results are possibly obtained, or at least, it will be contended that they have been. After a period during which some advances have been made, and the laws of a severe criticism have been applied to the literature and records of a religion, theologians may find it necessary

to pause and look around them, and ask, to what has all this tended? Have any new results been obtained? Have any of the old foundations been really shaken? Have any parts of our theology become outworn or obsolete? Has the age outgrown them? Are there any old forms which require to be laid aside? Are there portions of the old edifice which time and labor prove to be weak, or to rest on an insecure basis? To what do these alleged improvements in theology really amount? Have they any solid substance, or are they only the bright reflection of clouds that must soon vanish from the sight?

I must pass over some topics on which I intended to speak,\* and proceed to say a few words on what constitutes the fond dream of so many,—a stationary theology. A stationary theology in the strict sense of the term we cannot have, and should not desire, for it must be a dead theology. What does history teach on this subject? That theology is something which is fixed and does not change from age to age, and which once explained is explained forever? No. It teaches that theology never has been stationary, unless perhaps for short intervals during the profound slumber of the human intellect. If rest from doubt, if perfect repose is established conclusions, if an unchanging theology were anywhere to be found, we should naturally look for it in the Catholic Church. But do we find it there? There is no theological statement of any doctrine made by one generation which has been accepted by the next. The opinions of the early fathers were found defective by the fathers of a later age. What more unlike than the theology of Origen and Augustine? And the age of the scholastics surely exhibits no evidence of repose and unanimity in theological opinion. Have we not an Abelard and a holy Bernard manfully doing battle with each other; Thomists and Scotists, and a multitude of other combatants looking grimly down through the mists of time, their heavy tomes, with their “dark and ribbed backs” and “yellow leaves” belonging indeed “no more to man, but to the worm, the moth and the spider,” yet the repository of thoughts which agitated the age, and

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\* A few passages omitted in the delivery of the address I have retained in printing, but others I am still compelled to omit by the limits to which it is necessary to confine an article in the *Examiner*.

through which intellect and theology purified and elevated themselves? Nay, many controversies and opinions deemed modern, date back to those ages of hard, obscure thought. Fenelon, and Bossuet, and Clarke, and Paley, and Kant, the Pantheists and Mystics of recent times, all have their prototypes there. Theology has never been at repose in the Catholic Church, and of the Protestant world I need not speak. It has never been at repose, and never can be; for theology, I repeat, dwells in the region of ideas and thought; it views religion in its relation to the intellect, and in its connexion with the philosophy of the age, and to speak of any rest in theology is to suppose human thought to be arrested in its course, to become motionless and fixed in crystalline forms. The intellectual character, modes of thinking and maxims of a particular age, must of necessity affect the theology and theological conceptions of that age. Men will look out upon theology or religion from different stand-points; they will judge it with reference to prevailing ideas and philosophical theories. Of course there can be, properly speaking, no unchanging theology. Theology can never wear the same garb in different ages, and there will always be work for theologians, the thinkers and the expounders, to do.

Much is said about the historical element of theology, and the parties diverge and go wide of each other. I am the advocate of a historical theology, but not of a mere historical theology, that is, mere formulas of thought transmitted from the dead past. That must be a thing without life—a body without a soul. Theology must have a principle of life,—it must be an animated, breathing thing,—it must have a soul. If it be the mere dry rind of former opinions, an outworn garment of past thought, the sooner it is cast aside the better, for it is a useless encumbrance, or worse, since it stands in the way of something better. It cannot be a mere historical theology. But then, on the other hand, it cannot cut itself away from the past, nor discourage learned research into it. It can no more dispense with the knowledge of Christian history and antiquity, that is, of the religious experience of the past, than with biblical literature, philology and criticism. A doctrine or principle can never be so well understood in itself and in its

applications, as when it is traced back to its origin,—its first elements,—and is thence followed down through its various modifications and changes, and the influences by which they were wrought, till it received its present form and character.

To discard the historical element of theology, to suppose that we can have a theology of to-day, which has no connexion with the theology of by-gone time, but has a Minerva birth in the brain of this generation, does not, as it seems to me, argue either depth of thought or wisdom. There are certain landmarks fixed in the past—as Christians, certainly, we must suppose that there are,—which may be of use in guiding us on our way. To turn away our eyes and say we will not look at them, is one extreme, as a superstitious veneration for whatever is covered with the dust of antiquity is another. There is an excessive reverence for antiquity we all know, and this bowing implicitly to the authority of the early fathers, this talking of them as superior beings almost, a race of demi-gods, when we have evidence that they had little exactness, were careless observers, and worse reasoners and critics, that they came into the Christian fold tainted with the errors of a false and absurd philosophy,—too absurd, seemingly, looking at it from our present position, for human belief in the most credulous age,—may well move our indignation or provoke our smile. And did we need theologians acquainted with the old for nothing else, did we not need them to help to explain our own theology, and collect the scattered rays of light which dimly shine through the darkness of the past, we should need them to show that antiquity is not what many deem it, that it affords no foundation for the fabric they erect, and which they tell us is the only safe mansion to dwell in. We should need them to drive out the bats and owls, and all deformed birds of night, which still infest the regions of theology. The past will be used by others, the Romanist, the Puseyite, the retainer of the Athanasian and Augustinian theology; and we are compelled to combat them in part by weapons drawn from the same armory, because there are a multitude of minds which are determined, or at least greatly influenced by authority, prescription, antiquity, councils and fathers.



With criticism and interpretation conducted on rational and scientific principles, there must be united history, which gives us the results of the thoughts of all past ages, so far as they have been employed on religious subjects, an aid with which we cannot dispense, if we have a theology at all. And there is but one way of proceeding without a theology, and that is to divorce religion from the intellect, — to assign it a distinct and independent province, — to say that we will leave the religious sentiment to take care of itself; and then we know that it will at times run into the wildest vagaries; it will put out an excrescence, or exhibit a deformity here and another there; it will fall under the lead of quacks and empirics, and there is no extravagance, the offspring of human credulity and folly, or fanaticism, so absurd, but it will be found advocating it. And this certainly our denomination will not endure or never long. It will never be content to rest in a religion which is one of mere impulse and sentiment, in which the mystical element is made everything and the rational element allowed no place. As little will it be satisfied with the exercise of thought in looking at religion in its merely ethical aspect. This aspect is important, and ethical discourses cannot be abandoned; but the ethics of the pulpit, if they be not altogether cold and superficial, must of necessity run up into theology, from which they derive both light and warmth.

Every sect or class of Christians must have a living, scientific theology, and we must continue to have one. It is not the policy of any sect to neglect theology; and it is not true to itself, and must insensibly dwindle and crumble away, if it do. It loses its cohesive power: it cannot satisfy inquiring minds: it cannot reply to the questions of the age: it is ill prepared to resist pressure from without, and having no central point of attraction, there will be a continual divergence of minds going off in every direction to other sects.

After all, the standing and permanency of a denomination are determined, more than many are aware, by its theology. By the depth of its researches, its learning, its original and profound criticism, its exposition and defence of great truths, by the thorough and scholarly articles of its reviews, by the treatises it sends forth, of a character to

stir the deep fountains of thought in the community, it commands the respect of other sects and of the world.\*

I know that there are other qualities which give to sects prosperity and extension, at least for a time, as great ardor of feeling, an exciting style of address, missionary zeal, and whatever appeals powerfully to the imagination or the sensibility, and especially to the religious or mystical element of the soul. But many of these sects speedily melt away and become extinct, or if they survive they soon begin to turn an eye of favor on theology. There is no surer token that a sect is elevating itself and acquiring importance than the attention it bestows on critical and theological science and the facilities it furnishes for its attainment; and when a denomination which has heretofore taken the lead in these, begin, in the world's opinion, to occupy a subordinate place, its comparative weight and influence among the sects are on the decline. Whatever be its aesthetic or mere literary culture, or its ethics, it soon comes to be visible that in what constitutes the muscle and nerve of a denomination it is deficient, and if it would regain what it has lost, it must return to severer forms of thought and higher studies. It must foster theology in the widest sense of the term.

And has our denomination, I would ask, in conclusion, for the last few years, been doing, and is it now doing, what it should for theology? It may feel in part what it has owed and must owe to its theologians, but is it doing what it ought to rear them? I alluded, near the commencement of this address, to the little encouragement which has seemed to be afforded to the prosecution of the higher studies in theology among us, and the difficulties to be encountered by the student. I will conclude with a slight reference to the history of our theological School, the neglected child of the denomination. Our community is a liberal one, but its liberality does not flow copiously in this channel. Whether from dread of sectarianism, from ten-

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\* The Polish Brethren were great neither in wealth nor numbers, but by the largeness of their views, the acuteness and force of their criticisms, and stores of theological science, they secured a name and memory which have been denied to larger and more affluent sects, and their *Bibliotheca* still holds its place on the shelves of every well furnished theological library, and the germs of a large portion of the best modern criticism are found in its pages.

derness to old Alma Mater, who must be supposed to look somewhat askance on this reputed heretic member of her family, or from some other cause, the wants of the School, viewed as a nursery of theologians, have been scantily supplied, and I suppose that I am only uttering the common sentiment of those best qualified to judge on the subject, when I say that from no fault of those within it, whether teacher or pupil, but from the cause just stated, — the want of a proper interest on the part of the religious public, whose opinions it represents, — it is not occupying a position exactly which is worthy of the denomination, or corresponds to the enlarged ideas of its founders, or which the advance made by other sects, and the demands of the age render desirable.

Allow me to state two or three simple facts. Twenty-six years nearly have now passed away since the adoption of the "Constitution and Rules of the Theological Seminary in the University." By this instrument the "Theological Department, or Faculty of Theology in the University," as it is called, is made to consist of six Professors. Three of these, the Alford Professor of "Natural Religion and Moral Philosophy," then Professor Frisbie, the Hollis Professor of Divinity, and the "Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental languages," it is true, did not belong exclusively to the theological School, yet they had distinct duties assigned them in it, corresponding to the character of their several professorships. Besides these, three other professorships were erected, — one of "Sacred Literature," or the "Criticism and Interpretation of the Scriptures;" one of "Pastoral Theology," and one of "Sacred and Ecclesiastical History, including Jewish Antiquities and Church Order."\* The first of these was filled immediately by the first Dexter Professor, the second was filled ten years afterwards, and the third, though it covers several of the great topics of the day, among which are "Historical Christianity," and the "Church," — ground occupied by the Ro-

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\* The document from which I quote, — "Constitution and Rules of the Theological Seminary of the University in Cambridge," — will be found prefixed to Mr. Norton's Inaugural Discourse, on the "Intellectual acquisitions and endowments required to constitute a consummate theologian." It bears the signature of Dr. Kirkland, then President of the University, and is dated August, 1819.

manist, the Puseyite, and the disciples of Strauss,\* — still, after the lapse of twenty-six years, remains vacant. Meanwhile, the Alford Professor has ceased to hold relations with the theological School, the College has no Divinity Professor, and the duties originally distributed among the whole six are now required to be performed by two, who have other duties assigned them in addition. Thus, after the expiration of more than a quarter of a century, not only have the noble and far-reaching views of the founders of the School not been carried into effect, but in the particulars just mentioned, the School has been retrograde.

During the period specified, theological inquiry and speculation have been active beyond former example, opinions have been brought into violent conflict in every part of Christendom, and sects around us have been rapidly advancing in the means of theological culture.†

This is not as it should be; not that we view with regret the progress made by other sects. We rejoice in the evidence of such progress which is spread before us. But we witness with pain the little comparatively, which is doing by our own to meet the growing demands of the times, and keep pace with our fellow believers, who differ from us in their exposition of Christian doctrines. We are unwilling that our denomination should fall behind in regard to a supply of the means of theological education and scholarly criticism. For the best public theological library, so far certainly as modern publications are concerned, we must now go beyond the boundaries of our denomination. If, in this respect, and in the value of their theological literature, other sects have made advances disproportionate to those of our own, the fact certainly should awaken

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\* Strauss can be completely answered only by one intimately acquainted with the writings of Christian antiquity. Some of the parts on which he is most vulnerable are those in which an appeal is made to those writings.

† The Theological Seminary at Andover has five professors, and two of our Episcopal Seminaries the same number. One of our Presbyterian Seminaries has six; the Theological Institution at Newton, and twelve of our other theological seminaries have each, three; six of them, four; Cambridge, with some nine or ten others, has only two. In Germany, ten or a dozen theological professors are not thought too many to be attached to a single institution. The University of Halle has eleven, that of Berlin thirteen. The thirty-eight theological seminaries in the United States have one hundred and five professors, giving an average of nearly three to each. Cambridge, therefore, falls below the average.



serious thought. It should lead to the inquiry, whether we are continuing true to our position and profession ; whether, having given the impulse to critical studies, — for of metaphysical theology I do not now speak, — we ought to allow ourselves to be outstripped in any respect in the provision which is made for their thorough and successful prosecution.

One of the two great requisites to give an impulse to theological studies in our denomination, as it seems to me, is an extensive and well-chosen theological library, which will enable our theologians and critics to push their researches beyond the very narrow limits, which now confine them from want of books, for which they must at present send across the Atlantic, and which no private means can procure to the extent to which they are needed. The other is to put the theological School on something like the footing contemplated in 1819, but to which the poverty of the institution has hitherto been an insuperable obstacle. The effect would be not only to give to the institution additional claims to confidence and respect, but what is more, it would bring theology into repute by showing the determination of the denomination to honor and cherish it, and revive the prostrate or sinking hopes of the friends of the science. The augmented advantages and facilities the School would offer to a really thorough course of theological study would attract students to the spot, and the Professorial chairs, which must from time to time be filled from the ranks of the ministry, would excite the ambition of the younger portion of our religious teachers, whose tastes might lead them to select the walks of theology, and a new and brighter era would soon dawn. But this is not the time nor the place to enter into any discussions respecting the organization of the School, some of which are soon to take place elsewhere, nor are the friends of the institution and friends of theology, perhaps, as yet prepared to say what, under existing exigencies, can or should be done, however desirable some change in the external relations of the School, as well as some augmentation of its internal means, may appear.\*

I have said something in reply to the question, of what

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\* The proposition to sever the Divinity School from the College is to be discussed in the Board of Overseers during its next winter sessions. If the separation takes place, a re-organization of the School, in part at

use are theology and theologians? Theologians, — is it still asked, what real influence do they exert, and what place do they occupy in the world's history? History itself must answer the question. The great names in the church, — names which have left a memory, which are still familiar as household words to the student of the past, — are the names of its theologians. Such were the old fathers, and such scattered along the track of eighteen hundred years have been all those whose lives have formed an epoch in the development of Christian doctrines. The theologians have been, to use Hallam's word, the "builders," erectors of mansions for others to dwell in. Who have so ruled the Christian world as Athanasius and Augustine, the theologians and thinkers? The only names which won immortality in the mediaeval ages are those of theologians, men of powerful intellect and subtle thought. And if we come down to a more recent period, Erasmus is no mean name in theology, and the influence he exerted over the mind of the age was greater than many imagine. Luther was compelled to invest himself with the armor of theological learning, such as he could hastily acquire, before he conquered. And were not Melancthon, and Zwingli, and Calvin theologians? These are they who have shaped men's opinions, — been "builders" of mansions. If we turn to a different quarter, what results were wrought by the liberal theologians of Holland! Grotius still shines a bright star in the upper sky, nor is Le Clerc forgotten. Such men as Descartes have not lived in vain for theology any more than for metaphysics. America has had her Edwards, and continental Europe her Leibnitz, her Spinoza, her Strauss and others, who have agitated or troubled the wells of theology, and have left, or will leave, foot-prints "on the sands of time." If some have done evil, and led the world astray, there is but the more need of others to bring it back from its wanderings. We must have men of strength and stature to war with the Titans.

What influence have theologians! The history of Christ-

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least, will be necessary, for which the friends of Liberal Christianity should be prepared. It may be deprived of a portion of the funds, the proceeds of which it now enjoys; this loss must be, in some way, made up to it. The School must be sustained, and that it will be, no one who is acquainted with the disposition and resources of the denomination, can for a moment doubt.

ian doctrine in different ages of the church is but the history of the mind and thoughts of its theologians. They have developed and moulded it, and given it a voice, and through them it has passed into the popular belief. If their influence is not now what it once was, because modern intellect has opened to itself other fields of inquiry and labor, and theology no longer sits a divinity sole and absolute in the world, still is not their power wholly gone, and as the age is returning to the discussion of theological topics, there is a growing need of them, and the sect which would be just to itself, to its age, to mankind and to truth, must be just to theology.

Here I should close. But the passing away of an old and venerated teacher, and a faithful servant of Christ, demands one brief word of tribute before we part. Though the flame had been long burning dimly in its socket, and the late Hollis Professor had been for several years withdrawn, by age and infirmity, from his active labors, and in a great measure from the eye of the world, the tidings of his death cannot, I am sure, have been received by his former pupils without awakening many hallowed recollections. He was a teacher and theologian of other days, differing in some respects from those on which "we have fallen." But his preëminent merit, his wisdom, his clear-sightedness, his spotless integrity, his firmness, his single-hearted love of truth and right, the extent, too, as well as the accuracy of his theological learning, according to the standard of his country and time, none will deny. Cautious by temperament and upon principle, he yet led the way in liberal studies, and was one of those who "labored," and into whose labors we have "entered." The debt the world owes to such men is not always duly estimated, because the complexion of the times has changed; yet they were the foremost of their age, like time itself, it may be, to use Lord Bacon's phrase, "innovating greatly, but quietly and by degrees scarcely to be perceived," but nobly accomplishing the work Providence committed to their hands, and for what they were and what they did, to be holden in ever honored remembrance. Of Dr. Ware none will ever speak but with reverent thoughts and in reverent words. And he had worthy associates. What memories

rise up as we go back to the days when some among us were initiated into our theological course under the guiding genius of the genial, the acute and intellectual Kirkland, the copious and eloquent Frisbie, — with him whose ashes this present week have been deposited in the friendly tomb, — and him, the critic and theologian, whom, still in his prime, we yet retain.

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ART. II. — THE FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.\*

AMONG writers Goethe is eminently the Artist. It was in this character that he contemplated humanity. Through the medium and ministry of Art he seemed to perceive all the relations of life, how intimate they were, and how harmoniously they blend together. To unfold so important a truth as this — the harmony of the powers of human nature — is no ordinary task. It is worthy of the greatest mind of the age. And we regard with the deepest interest the diffusion of this idea among the American people and in this utilitarian age. At least it will help to a correct understanding of the useful, than which, at this period of our progress and amidst our present tendencies, no revelation is more important or necessary.

Mr. Ward has done a good service to the public as the translator of these Essays. We might say much more than this in the utmost sincerity, and still express our dissatisfaction with the book which he has here given us. It is far from being complete. To most readers it will appear fragmentary, and not unfrequently a discussion of any other principles than those of Art. This criticism will by no means apply to all the portions of the work. The Essay "upon the Laocoon" is singularly complete, not only as a critique upon that particular group, but as an illustration and application of the highest artistic principles.

But we have not taken up these "Essays" so much to discuss their practical merits, as to speak of the *promise* which their appearance before the American public seems

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\* *Essays on Art, by Goethe.* Translated by SAMUEL GRAY WARD. Boston: Munroe & Co. 1845. 16mo. pp. 264.



to indicate. It is, that the thought and feeling of our community are taking a new direction. There is another spirit of the age besides the utilitarian; or perhaps we should speak more truly, if we said that the utilitarian spirit is seeking new and higher ends, — it is striving to blend itself with the beautiful. The translation of these essays, and the publication of such practical books as Downing's, we say, are signs of promise. They indicate something for the Fine Arts in America.

Even our utilitarianism, so often spoken of as a reproach, is not destitute of this promise. We begin to doubt that criticism to be either profound or true, which represents American character as exclusively favorable to the *useful* arts. That these have advanced with a wonderful rapidity, or that American genius has given them a new impulse, we do not deny. Only this fact may imply another. The truest as well as the largest idea of life is that which links together all the spheres of human activity, which detects a relation and a sympathy between all created things. In this light progress becomes a universal law, applying to all conditions of the world and all the elements of human nature. Hence we say, that the useful arts cannot advance without nearly a corresponding growth of the beautiful. Almost immediately do they blend together. Towards beauty all that is useful tends and strives. It is the high aim, the attractive point of life. This is true not less in life's common aspects than in its higher ones of sublimity and heroism. To become beautiful, and render what we do beautiful, is one of the chief anxieties of the human heart. In nature, which gives our law, all is useful and all is beautiful. There we find no dividing lines. It is one progress. There are indeed two elements, but one spirit strives in both. Thus our steam-vessels are more than useful; they ride our rivers with a graceful balance, like a dove in the air. The beauty of our naval architecture was a growth from the useful art. The fact, then, that the useful arts advance, is nothing against a people's refinement or taste. Rather it is so much gain, so much new acquisition, and is the sign of a farther and more general progress. What is accomplished in the useful is so much preparation for the beautiful. The growth of architecture illustrates the idea. First men built houses for convenience, but they

soon tired of mere shelters, and every improvement they made was an advance in the direction of beauty. Houses to eat and drink in are not quite satisfactory to a man. A place for thought he deems also necessary, and hence a beautiful house. Thus architecture grew to become one of the fine arts.

Therefore, because we are appropriating the useful arts to all the varieties of industry, our attention is not necessarily called off from the objects of beauty. What we gain in one department of life is so much gained for the whole. There is not so much conflict between the different callings of men as we are sometimes led to imagine. When pursued in their true spirit, they sustain, and never interfere with each other. They are mutual helps. The artist ought to have no rivalry with the mechanic. They each have a field great enough for all their energies, and ought to work in harmony and peace. The economy and progress of the world need both, — can dispense with neither. This point is worth considering. Rivalry and jealousies are the result of narrow and partial views; they hinder, but do not advance the interests of the world. Men ought to work from love, not from rivalry. Genius ought never to be cramped by limitations, or degraded by the inspiration of low motives. Give it freedom, give it elevation, render it impartial and expansive, if you desire to see great and worthy labors. The progress of the world depends much upon the harmony that prevades all its callings and all its members. When all work together with single aims and without conflict or discord, there must be advancement, for then no power is lost. There is mutual support then. No energies are neutralized by a war with each other. Thus the useful and beautiful arts have but one aim, and that is the growth and perfection of human life. Any jealousy between them will palsy their efforts — degrade the motives which ought to animate all true endeavor and inspire all true souls. Hence we do not look upon the utilitarian spirit of America as entirely to be regretted, but rather as a happy prophecy of future refinement. It has a noble and an encouraging aspect, and helps to account for the sudden and unexpected rise of the fine arts among us. The fine arts could hope but little from a people in whom the idea of the useful was but partially developed or understood.

The nature of our institutions is another influence that will, in some measure, account for the same thing. Freedom and enthusiasm usually go hand in hand. They cherish in a people the feeling of admiration and love. These elements, almost of necessity, combine to develop and encourage the sense of beauty. Directly from freedom we derive a promise of aesthetic culture and taste. It is the spring and source of beauty in the soul. We speak now of freedom as it appears in the nature of our institutions. Of its practical workings we have not much to say. As an element destined to shape the American character, it bears upon our present inquiry. More than anything else it is to distinguish us from the older nations of Europe. A single consideration will show the important relation that our freedom must sustain to the arts of design. These arts, it is said, and with truth, need patronage. Aristocratic countries have generally been most liberal toward the artist. Private wealth has been thought to be insufficient. Besides, it is supposed to be concentrated in the hands of those who are without refinement; the competition and struggle which must exist in a community where all are equal, are calculated to nourish any other feelings than those connected with taste and beauty. Neither of these positions is strictly true. With us wealth is quite equally distributed. It exists in nearly equal proportions among all classes and in all conditions. Men with taste and men without it are sometimes rich. The refined and the vulgar, the well-born and the low-born, very nearly, we imagine, divide the wealth of America. But in all spheres are found liberality and refinement. A grocer in New York and a bookseller in Philadelphia are known over the whole country as lovers and patrons of the fine arts. On the other hand, in countries where the arts have reached their highest perfection, instances are not wanting of distinguished and neglected genius. Distressing want has been no stranger to the artists of Italy or France. In the gallery at Dresden is a picture of Correggio, now one of the chief attractions there, which brought a price so inadequate to its worth as to occasion the deep and settled grief of the artist; and finally, from similar causes, disappointments became so heavy as to terminate his life. This is no solitary instance. But considering the youth of our country, and

the influences under which we have lived, unfavorable to refinement, the arts among us have received no common favor, and we have little reason to fear that American artists as meritorious as Correggio will ever die from neglect and want. We do not shrink from a comparison with far older nations. We give no unqualified commendation. We are only comparing the probability of patronage in an aristocratic and a free community, and in giving the judgment in favor of the latter we only state an inference which the very nature of freedom legitimately forces upon us.

Patronage, too, in a free community possesses a new and elevated character. Freedom does away with the degrading sense of dependence and obligation, when it is bestowed as a favor instead of being given as an equivalent. Benevolence, we know, loses its charm and virtue without the disinterested motive. The *free* gift is the sign of a true feeling in the giver. To patronize indigence is not benevolence. So of the patronage of art. Let it be spontaneous and free, prompted by the love of beauty. Otherwise it is poor encouragement. It fetters the receiver. He is made to feel too keenly the condition of dependence he is in. His genius becomes enfeebled — his work a task instead of a pleasure. It is done through necessity, and not wholly from love. Patronage, unless it leave the artist free, will crush rather than aid him. There has been patronage enough in England, but because of a false character, it has proved without success. The only field of the beautiful in which English art has become eminent, is that of Landscape Gardening. In this department it is without a rival, as it has been without patronage. It has been the growth of private enterprise and taste, and hence has been free. So peculiarly is freedom the atmosphere of the artist. He can breathe no other without becoming fettered and feeble. He is a sensitive being. None *feels* more intensely than the artist. A sense of dependence, and that he is degraded by it, will crush no other man so soon. Rough reproach or neglect he may be able to bear, yet not reflections upon his condition, not an air of assumption and superiority. So it has come, that patronage has been so often the degradation of art. The institutions under which we are living possess a new and happier character. They are based upon freedom, and their influence must tend in



that direction. Therefore we said that patronage in America was a new thing, and in a peculiar degree favorable to the growth of the beautiful arts. It in some measure accounts for their sudden and early rise among us. It leaves the artist unconstrained and free.

But these do not seem to be the principal causes of the rise of art in America. The chief cause, in our estimation, is to be found in the American character. This has not yet been recognized as among the prominent influences which bear the promise of our future refinement. We hear much said of our majestic rivers, and bold mountains, the traditions of an elder race, the beauty of our landscape scenery, forests, and prairies, and lakes. But these are only materials for genius. They do not of necessity inspire or create it. To a mind alive to the beautiful in nature or the poetry of the past, they are the objects and occasions of admiration. But in the mind itself must exist the capacity which admires or creates. Without the inward sense and perception of beauty all outward forms are nothing. Genius is needed to select beautiful aspects, for, after all, the mind must clothe and adorn them before they can be seen as either beauty or truth. No beautiful scenery — Alpine heights or Italian skies — can give birth to the artist. Genius depends upon the happy blending of the elements of character. Most men need to be educated. Few minds are developed spontaneously by the simple impulses of nature. Many a man hears Niagara, or looks out upon our prairies, unmoved. Few seize the idea they contain, receive it as a part of their lives and carry it with them forever. Of all those who travel to remarkable places how few catch any new inspiration! How many go from fashion, and how few from love! How many visit St. Peter's and the Strasburg Minster from curiosity or wonder, and how few from religion! How many enter the galleries of art merely to be pleased, and how few to be rapt and kindled and elevated by the spirit of beauty! Multitudes of the proud and rich, polite and learned men, build their homes beside beautiful rivers, in the centre of retired landscapes, on principles of the most approved taste, or wander among the splendid abodes of ancient art where every step brings up some new memory of genius, or devotion, or love, while no genius is excited, no devotion or love felt. But

far away from all scenes like these, unknown and in poverty, a young man rises up in the midst of common scenes and still more common men, of enthusiasm and a sensitive heart, of clear and native perception, whose soul is touched and thrills with every new sound and every new aspect of earth or sky, who feels in all he sees or hears a spirit kindred to his own. He is the artist, though the Vatican and Louvre have never been heard of by him, and his humble name never been uttered beyond the narrow circle where he toils and rejoices. Yes! the secret of art lies *within* the artist. Skies and mountains do not hold it. The spring and province of art lie in the character of the mind.

A further illustration will confirm the same truth. How little travellers *retain* of the beautiful scenes they visit! The reason is, that their impressions were not distinct or deep. The heart was unmoved, for what the heart discerns it retains. It never loses one of its treasures. It is not touched by influences so cold and superficial as curiosity and fashion. Love and religion alone move and control the heart. It does not criticise, — it feels. He who is *alive* to beauty, who truly sympathises with the spirit of art, never forgets; for in every new feeling, or sympathy, or impression, he is conscious of a new acquisition and a new growth, of being *more* than he was, and can never forget till unconscious of his own existence. He who is alive to beauty, if he find it upon the canvas or marble, or perceive it in the kind influences of nature, will carry with him whatever he may see or hear, and enjoy it in the remembrance not less than in the actual hearing and presence. Shut in such an one from the beautiful objects he loves so well, hills and running streams and forests, he is not therefore shut out from the realm of beauty. He bears the whole world of art within him, and lives on in a deep and ever increasing happiness. We here announce a universal truth. If the *impression* be lost the moment we lose sight of a landscape or a picture of art, we may be sure that no love of nature or art is within us. The skies of Italy were not made for us. Phidias, and Raphael, and Dante, and Beethoven did not live for us. If we forget a friend when he leaves our presence, or when he dies, we have felt no true affection. Whatever scenes we may visit, whatever friends may sur-

round us, if their memory be not present with us in our retirement, we can have perceived little beauty and felt little love. To such hearts nature has no voice, and in them friendship can excite no emotion. It must be, that the secret and spring of art lie within the mind. To possess any promise of excellence, the sentiment of beauty must be a prominent element of the individual or national character. Splendid scenery, great rivers, sunny and deep skies, cannot give it. Thus sculpture grew out of the Grecian heart, and did not, like the Ephesian Diana, fall down from Jupiter. The feeling and sensitive heart is the surest prophecy of genius.

We do not reject or undervalue the influences of natural beauty, or the study of ancient models. We only affirm our conviction, that these are not the certain promises of artistic excellence to any community, however favorably situated in all such respects. Greece is not now the cradle of art. The masters are no longer natives of Italy. Without the nicely strung and nervous temperament—a *sensitive* character—other agencies are given in vain. There is nothing on which they can act. Besides, the mind is very much the creator of its own beauty. Its own condition determines the character of the outward world. If cheerful and happy and pure, it will find beauty in all the forms of nature. If dark with sin, it will clothe the fairest scenes with the gloom of a dungeon. Beauty is an element of the heart. Without warm and deep feeling, intense emotions, a liveliness to joy or sorrow, there may be judgment, invention, strength, perseverance, greatness, but not the keen perception of beauty, not the promise of artistic excellence. The question now arises, does the American character possess these elements and contain this promise? It must be admitted, that the English people have never exhibited in any high or peculiar sense, a capacity for the fine or beautiful arts. They have great and sterling qualities, but the nice perception of beauty is not among them. For this reason they have never excelled in the more elevated walks of art. They stand unrivalled, as we have said, in landscape gardening and in a correct taste for rural scenery. But beyond this they have not gone. That they have produced fine paintings and eloquent specimens of statuary, we do not deny. That they have excelled in mu-

sic, we do not deny. We only give them a second place. England has had no masters, no distinct school of art. Irish character is far better fitted to the purposes and pursuits of the fine arts. Deep feeling, spontaneousness, enthusiasm, are Irish. Coldness, uniformity, patience, strength, judgment, are the elements of English greatness. Whatever of tragedy has been great in England, has been displayed not so much in the arts of design as in the more exclusive domain of thought, the drama. For this field the English character is peculiarly fitted. Here it can have time to consider and compare. It can think and wait and judge. But here *feeling* must be subordinate. It must yield to the more sober dictates of the reason. The head must rule the heart. We except Shakspeare. He is the glory, not the exponent of English genius. He is not national, but one of the prophets of humanity. He gave the rules of genius, and, of consequence, is not to be estimated by any local comparisons. Thought is the English characteristic. This does not make the artist. Imagination and feeling are the elements to form artistic character.

But to make up an accurate history of the elements that enter into the American character, the peculiarities of the Puritan deserve to be considered, for in both economical and moral characteristics we are the descendants of Puritan stock. Their hard virtues, their self-denying spirit, their uncompromising fidelity and rigid principles drove them from their homes and country, and planted them in the wilds of America. They were the sternest of the English name. With them the right had more attractions than beauty. Religion and conscience were the only names before which they bowed. Painting and statuary were connected in their minds with the idol worship of Rome, and they looked towards the arts with distrust, and almost with abhorrence. New England directly inherits the Puritan character. Indirectly, it has contributed largely to mould that of the whole country. In the church, Congregationalism was the Puritan's vindication of individual rights against the assumptions of a groundless authority. It was the assertion and the triumph of the individual conscience. It was no insignificant power, but the highest exhibition of the Republican spirit. Hence the result. The Congregational element in all denominations has greatly modified the char-



acter which they bear in the States of Europe. Even Romanism, entrenched as it is and guarded from innovation, has deeply felt, and been influenced by its spirit. For the most part the Puritan is an *unyielding* character. It is strong, active, with tendencies to virtue. In life we should expect to find it prompt and efficient, preferring rather to persevere than to change. It is a healthy and a stable character. But can it be expected to develop itself in the direction of beauty? Milton was both a Puritan and a poet. But the elements of life in him were peculiarly blended, and he is not to be taken as a fair or general illustration. To correctly answer our inquiry, we must contemplate the Puritan under other influences than those which gave him birth, and directed his earliest growth. In England he was no artist, and without the prospect of ever becoming one. This is the actual fact. He was too much engaged in conflict, too much engrossed in guarding his conscience amidst the trials of an overwhelming opposition, and from the seductions of a more fortunate Church, to bestow his attention upon the arts. Besides, they were associated in his mind with the corruptions of the Romish religion, and the pride and display of his own aristocratic rulers. No wonder that he looked upon them with distrust and rejected their claims.

Transplanted to another land, and placed under different influences, we find important changes working in the character of the Puritan. In some respects we witness a new development. Restraint and fear, which formerly held his best energies in check, are now removed. There is freedom, and, of consequence, increased activity and power. The governed has become the governor. New scenes are opened and a new enterprise demanded. To subdue the vast and ancient forests and convert them into civilized homes is no light task, and yet it is courageously and fearlessly met. The necessities of life are many and great and pressing. Invention alone — no routine of accustomed toil — can answer the new and growing wants. In the Old World the Puritan had to grapple with pride and luxury and power; in the New with nature. Under circumstances so widely different, how was it possible for his character to remain as it was? In some degree he must adapt himself to his new condition. How well he succeeded in this attempt, the New England character is a happy

and striking illustration. Adaptation has become almost a virtue. In the New World the Puritan had to give over his feuds with the affectations and pride of an old established order, and contend with nature. His complaints against oppression and vicious institutions became useless, without meaning, in his present sphere of life. Other emotions more kind, more in accordance with the good spirit of nature, must take possession of his heart. More or less, the Puritan was bigoted and sectarian, but nature, in her universal love, disallows all narrow and partial sympathies. The change in his character was gradual and slow, but he could not entirely resist the design of Providence, and in the midst of the new and kind influences which were all around him, he grew to be a new and kinder man. He could not go abroad without catching something of the gentle spirit that was breathing upon his soul. His enmities, his prejudices, were at war with nature, but nature was supreme and he was forced to yield. He could not feel at home in the wilds he had sought without the surrender of his old and cherished animosities. This humanizing, expanding process, though not achieved at once, was a sure one, and now we live to witness a still nearer prospect of final and perfect success. The history can be given in a word. The Puritan in the New World stood in the midst of nature and was free. Such influences awoke new and kinder elements within him. They became essential parts of his character.

But other elements than the natural ones became grafted on the Puritan stock. The English were not the only emigrants. Other nations contributed their part to the settlement of America. France, in particular, in point of time and numbers, almost balanced the scale with England. These two leading nations of Europe had never before harmoniously met, nor their characters been permitted to mingle together. Rival and jealous differences had always kept them apart. Now one object was before them, the colonization of a new world. They were brought together. Valuable and noble traits distinguished both, and, united in the same national character, promised almost the perfection of manhood. How entire this union has really become we have no means of knowing, but that the French vivacity and grace have modified the English coldness and gravity,

we cannot doubt, or that American character, through this means, has greatly refined upon the English. That the Puritan would ever have become what he is, or his character have ripened as it now has done, in England and under English influences, we do not believe. The Puritan character was fitted for a new world, and required new elements and a new order of development for its continued growth and perfection. These new elements and this new order is found in the new *natural* and *national* influences by which it became surrounded, and in the midst of which it was destined to act.

What is the result? Has the character of the Puritan yielded to the new influences to which we have referred? Do we witness the effect which we have seen reason to expect? To us the answer is clear. The American character is a new one. We can detect in it great English features. Perhaps these predominate. But the French element is not wholly wanting. Nor has the splendid beauty of our forests and landscapes been lost or insignificant. The Anglo-Saxon stock transplanted to the New World has acquired under the American sky a temperament more finely strung, a delicacy of fibre, a greater susceptibility of the nervous organization, and a deeper feeling of joy or sorrow, which seem peculiarly to fit the American people to excel in what are called the fine or beautiful arts. This opinion is confirmed not only by the causes which we have pointed out as adapted to produce such a character, but also by the rapid growth of these arts in so new a community, by their still more rapid recent progress, by the sudden appearance of genius by which we are so frequently startled, and by the numerous generation of artists of the noblest promise at this moment engaged in the pursuit of excellence.

That we of America are *sensitive* beings, is the judgment of a common observation. This peculiarity of our national character could hardly escape the notice of the most superficial or ignorant. Nor is it all vanity which makes us so tenacious of our good reputation. There is a deep and good meaning in the general remonstrance which is uttered when our American name is assailed. We are glad that it is so — that we are not indifferent to reproach — that we rise up with a common and united feeling to

cast back the word that reflects upon our character. It seems to say that our character is a sacred thing, and therefore to be sacredly guarded — that we *have* a character, and will not suffer detraction — that we have an integrity which we are anxious to maintain — that we cannot bear to hear light words spoken of virtue, though it be our own and therefore humble. The world, we feel, cannot afford to lose anything good, and we are unwilling to sit down in silence under scorn or any unjust reproach. Our sensitiveness may, indeed, sometimes carry us to excess. We may sometimes be open to ridicule. But the error is more a weakness than any lack of virtue. It points back to a distinguishing feature of character, which, in our estimation, is rather an excellence than a defect. That we guard this feeling from all affectation and confine it to virtue, needs to be one of the principal aims of all our discipline and culture. To be sensitive to whatever is ours, irrespectively of character, will result in our degradation. Over this feeling we need to watch with a peculiar delicacy and strictness. Under a true education it promises only good, a refinement of manners, taste and excellence in all that is beautiful and lovely. It contains the noblest promise of a correct appreciation and a rapid growth, among us, of the fine arts.

The spontaneous rise of young men, without the advantages of education or refinement, who have exhibited the finest adaptations to art and have even grown up to no ordinary eminence, is another proof of our position. *Outbursts* of genius in England have been rare, and always the result of long preparation. They are found only in the intervals of ages; and even then are confined to the single department of poetry. In America, considering its youth and means, they are frequent, and their number increases with the years. Here is a point of no common importance in our inquiry. It is the *spontaneous* growth, which most truly indicates the real nature of a nation's character. We do not look amidst the affectations of the city, amidst the conventionalisms of fashionable intercourse, for the true index of any community. In the country, where men are free, where they have no policy and no motive for deceit, where they can live and be themselves, there we detect the true elements and impulses of life. At home, where we unbend and cast off restraint, where none but fa-



miliar eyes are on us, and we have no part to act except that of sincerity and love, there we find what we are in reality. What develops itself thus spontaneously and freely, before the moulding hand of education is put upon it, what thus becomes prominent, is proved to be the leading peculiarity of character. It is that development which exhibits the deepest and truest phase of the individual and social life. It is the index from which we are to judge of the future. Taking this criterion, the promise of American art is by no means small. Nearly all our artists were self-impelled. They have risen with little foreign aid. Their resolves were formed and their consecration to the beautiful determined by a necessity from within themselves, — not by secondary influences, but by religion and love. They have been artists before they knew the meaning of the word. They had the feeling of beauty, and in childhood wrought in rude forms from snow or clay as a part and charm of their earliest sports. Such facts are no insignificant prophecy of future refinement and excellence. Few of our native artists have been destined to the profession. Those whose circumstances have admitted of a liberal education, have generally been enticed into some of the more popular avenues to eminence. Those who have been poor or destitute, have resorted to agriculture or become mechanics. Thus our prominent artists reckon among their number lawyers, machinists, and sign-painters. A few have enjoyed the advantages of our best universities. The majority have been poor and self-taught. All have been without the early culture afforded to the youth of Europe in her numerous schools and galleries. And we cannot account for these frequent evidences of genius, under the unfavorable influences of a new country, furnished with none of the germs of art, and destitute of schools and galleries, without referring back to the essential character of the people. No other cause is sufficient. But we may take even a wider range. A taste for the beautiful is not confined to the professed artists. It is general. Our character does not raise up merely artists, but *lovers* of art. The public feeling, upon the whole, is favorable; we do not mean that it is what it ought to be or may be, but that it is not without happy indications for the future. And success very much depends upon the taste and feeling of the community.

It is necessary to have admirers of art. They are the only Republican patrons. Just as in conversation it is full half of the art to *listen* well.

The history of our artists and the popular feeling on the subject of art confirm the position we have taken. The love of art and the creative power have been spontaneous. They have seemed free outbreaks of native genius — the outworkings of American character. The lives of Allston and Weir and Kellogg among the painters, of Greenough and Clevenger and Powers and Crawford among the sculptors, are striking illustrations. Of our poets Bryant and Longfellow are evidences of the same fact. On the point of *artistic* merit they have few English rivals. Still farther evidences are found in the galleries and institutions for the encouragement of art, which have lately arisen in the principal cities of our country. We do not indeed compare them with similar institutions in Europe. We speak of them simply as indications of American growth — not wonderful in comparison, but certainly wonderful for *us*. Those who speak with incredulity or contempt of the genius of our countrymen in the arts of design, need only a sight of the specimens of painting and sculpture in the Boston Atheneum, and similar rooms in New York and Philadelphia, to do involuntary homage to the skill and power of the artists by whom they were produced.

The views we have taken are further substantiated by the peculiar opportunity presented in our new moral and social position. It is not excellence to imitate. Success in the fine arts depends upon the *creative* faculty. The beautiful is a province of creation. Here in America to repeat the Old World is not desirable; to imitate the follies and sins of European society will be a retrograde movement. To revive the splendid affectations of chivalry is beneath the mission of American freedom. Here let a man live to be himself; let the young man preserve the dew of his youth in the glory of manhood; let him be what nature and all the free and pure influences of God may make him. A new man is unfolding himself here, not merely an old man living in a new world. Elements that have never mingled before are meeting here in a new and more earnest strife. A full grown man of the Old World is here to grapple with life's first necessities, — civilized man with un-

civilized nature. The toil of the past has been more of endurance than achievement. The few who have nobly striven have yielded their birthright or fallen in the contest. The promise of beautiful youth has failed. A New World brings a new opportunity. May the coming strife prove successful!

America, then, is peculiarly fitted for the exercise and development of the creative faculty. It is a new world, with new influences and free from old restraints. The temptation to *imitate* is comparatively small. And what the fine arts now demand for a new impulse, what they want in all senses, is not so much galleries and schools, — and these not at all unless they preserve strictly an American character, — not the Cartoons or Elgin marbles, not the grand old pictures even; but a more correct knowledge of what true art really is, — not as Grecian or Italian art, but as a universal and eternal thing, — what are its purposes and objects, and by what means these can be reached. Life in America, we have said, is a new thing, and the artist must be true to the new condition and character. These he must express. By these he must be tried, and not by the masters of the past alone. It is vain to suppose that our social condition, so different from any previous state, will nurture or fashion the arts on any old model. In ourselves we must be our own model. To start in our progress from the old point, that of Grecian or Mediæval art, will be the certain prophecy of failure, for the old sources of inspiration are not about us. Our feelings and sympathies are excited by new influences; they are new themselves. These we must represent, and no others. To these we must be true and loyal. Following any others, we shall be false to ourselves, to our character, and of consequence our toil and love will all be in vain. We must *create*. Imitation will degrade and sink us. Living, as we do, under the influences of a Republican government and the Protestant religion, we must build houses and churches that shall represent these new ideas of national and religious life, — not the palaces of kings, not Catholic cathedrals. We must paint and carve men and women after the likeness of ourselves, not after the forms of Greece or Italy. Our painting and sculpture must represent action as *we* act, and feeling as *we* feel. It will not do to paint

gods or goddesses whom we laugh at, or saints in whom we do not believe, or heroes with whom we have no sympathy. To do anything great we must represent the life that is going on in the New World and in the present, not the life of the Old World and of the past, however ancient or grand or venerable the Old World and the past may seem. We want artists who shall prove themselves as true to the American character as Bryant has proved himself in his poetry, and Webster in his eloquence. If we answer this condition, that is, if we are true to ourselves and if we continue American, we must be a creative people in the Fine Arts as we already are in the Useful. To express faithfully and vigorously the American character and life in the direction of beauty, will produce a new school of art as certainly as our character and life are new and original.

Thus far, we readily admit, that we have *realized* but little. We dwell upon the promise and prophecy, which are by no means insignificant or small. Our success in the arts, as in all things holy and great, will depend upon our fidelity to the influences and condition of the New World. We must maintain and carry out the American character. This is the vital point, and on it we need to fix all our attention. If science and religion flourish, if we keep the national life sound and healthy, then the fine arts will flourish also, and possess a sound and healthy growth. We of America are not Greeks or Italians. Our religion is not theirs, our feelings are widely different, and our civilization has taken a very different character from theirs. Our artists therefore are not to express what *they* believed and felt—that would be imitation. Let them express what *we* believe and feel—this will be creation. For there is not such a spectacle in history as men producing with any power of life what they have not felt, or influencing others by uttering what they have not believed. D. C.

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## ART. III. — POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

## I. THE FROST.

THE frost is out amid our open fields,  
And late within the woods I marked his track ;  
The unwary flower his icy finger feels,  
And at its touch the crisped leaf rolls back.  
Look, how the maple o'er a sea of green  
Waves in the autumnal wind its flag of red !  
First struck of all the forest's spreading screen,  
Most beauteous too, thou earliest of her dead !  
Go on ; thy task is kindly meant by Him,  
Whose is each flower, and richly covered bough ;  
And though the leaves hang dead on every limb,  
Still will I praise his love ; that early now  
Has sent before this herald of decay,  
To bid me heed the approach of winter's sterner day.

J. V.

## II. THE FUNERAL BELL.

I STOOD amid the bearded corn,  
A laborer that summer day ;  
And heard all songs of nature float  
Into the wind — away.

The rain fell fast on distant hills,  
And damp and heavy grew the air ;  
When calmly from the vale below  
Stole up a call to prayer —

A funeral toll — distinct and clear,  
As ever rang a marriage peal : —  
“ Pray ! pray for one we bury now !  
Kneel ! kneel ! poor mourners, kneel ! ”

The shadow of the wing of Death  
A deeper darkness seemed to lend  
Unto the gloom of the flying storm,  
Beginning to descend.

Fiercer and fiercer blew the gust,  
Tearing the black-piled clouds asunder ;  
Louder and ever louder rolled  
The awful tones of thunder.

Yet soft as chance-notes of a dirge,  
Breathed by calm lips, unseen the while ;  
And low and solemn as they thrill  
Some vast cathedral pile ;

The music of that passing knell  
Kept faltering up and down the lea ;  
Like bell-notes rung among the Alps,  
To bid the tempest flee.

I thought — above the raging storm  
The sun shone clear in th' upper sky ;  
And would again look down on us,  
When clouds were driven by.

I thought — above that burial scene,  
Where hearts were bowed with weeping griefs,  
A spirit, newly winged in heaven,  
Hovered, to bring relief.

Soon, fresh and beautiful, the fields  
Were spanned with God's benignant smile ;  
And all within its holy light  
Seemed sanctified the while.

The village requiem ceased to throb  
Upon the sad, attentive ear :  
Oh ! may the Father's tenderest smile  
Have blest the mourner's tear !

R. P. R.

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### III. A PARABLE.

From the German of Friedrich Rückert.

A PILGRIM led, o'er Syrian sand,  
A camel by the halter-band.  
The animal, with startled eye,  
Grew suddenly so fierce and shy,

And snorted so — for very dread  
His leader dropped the rein and fled.  
He ran, till, in a sheltered nook  
Beside the way, he spied a brook.  
Half crazed, he hears the beast behind  
Madly snuff up the burning wind.  
He crept into the fountain's nook —  
Plunged not — but still hung o'er the brook ;  
When lo ! a bramble came to view,  
That from the fountain's waters grew.  
Thereto the man did straightway cling,  
Close-crouching, coldly shuddering.  
When he looked up, he saw with dread  
Peer down that frightful camel's head,  
That still more near and frightful grew ; —  
And when below he bent his view,  
Down in the fountain's depths he saw  
A dragon with extended jaw,  
That lay there, waiting for his blood,  
When he should drop into the flood ; —  
For lo ! thus trembling 'twixt the two,  
A third wo met the wretch's view.  
Where in the cavern's crevice clung  
The bush's root, on which he hung,  
He saw of mice a busy pair,  
One black, one white, close nibbling there.  
He saw, the black one and the white  
Alternately the root did bite.  
They gnawed, they tugged, with snout and foot,  
They raked the earth from round the root ;  
And as the mould down-rattling fell,  
The dragon looked up from the well,  
To see how soon the bush would fall  
Into the water, load and all.  
The man, in terror and despair,  
Beset, besieged, beleaguered there,  
In vain from this most dread suspense  
Sought and besought deliverance.  
But as he strains his eager eyes,  
Nodding above his head he spies  
A twig, with blackberries thick-hung, —  
Part of the vine to which he clung.

No more he saw the camel's head,  
So hideous — nor the dragon dread —  
Nor yet the mice's knavery,  
When once the berries met his eye.  
The beast o'erhead might snort and blow,  
The dragon lurk and gloat below,  
And at his side the mice might gnaw, —  
The blackberries were all he saw.  
They pleased his eyes — he thought them sweet —  
Berry on berry did he eat;  
So great the pleasure while he ate,  
It made him all his fear forget.

Ask'st thou, what foolish man is he,  
Forgets such fear so easily?  
Know, then, O friend, that man art thou;  
For thou shalt hear the moral now.

The dragon down beneath the wave  
Is Death's wide-gaping maw — the grave.  
The camel, threatening overhead,  
Is Life's distress and doubt and dread.  
'Twixt Life and Death aye hovering,  
Thou dost to Earth's frail thorn-bush cling.  
The two that gnaw incessantly  
The root that bears the twigs and thee,  
To bring thee down to Death's dark night —  
The mice's names are — Day and Night.  
The black one gnaws, concealed from sight,  
From eventide till morning-light:  
From morning-light till eventide  
The white one gnaws, the root beside.  
Yet, in this wild and weary waste,  
The berry, Pleasure, tempts thy taste,  
Till, — the huge camel, Life's distress,  
The dragon, Death, in the abyss,  
The busy nibblers, Day and Night,  
Forgotten in thy strange delight, —  
Of death's dark flood thou dost not think,  
But of the berries on its brink.

C. T. B.



## IV. ALEXANDER'S POWER.

From the Persian: Translated from the German of Rückert.

WHEN Alexander died, he gave command,  
They from his coffin should let hang his hand;  
That all men who had seen him formerly,  
Exulting in the pomp of royalty,  
Might now see that with empty hands, alone,  
He too the universal road had gone,  
And that, of all his treasures, nothing, save  
That empty hand, went with him to the grave.

C. T. B.

## V. AL-SIRAT.

From the German of Friedrich Rückert.

'TWIXT Time and Eternity  
Stands the Bridge of Doom;  
Filling with fierce radiancy  
The dread chasm's gloom.

Know'st thou well, how sharp and fine  
That bridge arches there?  
Sharp as any sword its line,  
Fine as any hair.

Shall the foot of man be set  
On a bridge so thin,  
Where no room a fly could get  
To find footing in?

He that does not firmly dare  
Trust himself on this,  
Must not hope beyond to share  
Eden's dewy bliss.

When the wicked o'er it goes,  
Stands the bridge all sparkling;  
And his mind bewildered grows,  
And his eye swims darkling.

Wakening, giddyng, then comes in,  
With a deadly fright,  
Memory of all his sin,  
Rushing on his sight.

Underneath him gapes the chasm ; —  
Conscience, desperate grown,  
Drives him with its maddening spasm  
To plunge headlong down.

But when forward steps the just,  
He is safe e'en here ; —  
Round him gathers holy trust,  
And repels his fear.

Hope is lifting up his brow,  
Love is giving wings ;  
Faith is smiling, as he now  
On so happy springs.

Each good deed is mist, that wide,  
Golden borders gets ;  
And for him the bridge, each side,  
Shines with parapets.

Onward still his footsteps fare,  
And the bridge is passed,  
As 't were built of stones hewn square,  
Or of iron cast.

Freimund !\* at that pass, thy lays  
Thus around thee sweep  
Mistful, — that thou may'st not gaze  
Down the dizzy deep.

Floating, like the morning wind  
O'er the lilies' bed,  
Move, — and ever lightly, mind  
On the bridge to tread.

N. L. F.

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\* The poetical name which Rückert usually applies to himself.

## ART. IV.—SPECULATIVE AND PRACTICAL WISDOM.

THE time is one of great speculative activity. For a long period man has been accumulating a vast store of practical experience and of ingenious supposition. He has now compacted from his loose materials the *definite* sciences, and reduced them to a form which will not probably be radically altered by future discoveries; though it is hard to say what new principles of physical science the future may develop. A disposition is apparent in the public mind to reduce the less accurate sciences to some tolerable degree of precision. From the golden dreams of Plato down to Kant and Cousin and Fichte, all systems are ransacked, criticised and compared; that modern eclecticism may discover, or daring speculation make a road, by which our intellect may escape from wrangling and incertitude, to some simple, self-approving, daylight truth. Worn out with endless jars and disgusted by continual failure, sober common sense longs for a relief from speculation. The eagerness of the search after the means of its attainment is leading everywhere to intense thought, and in not a few cases, to great extravagance. The result as yet is but little more than giving a new shape to confusion, and multiplying unsettled questions. There are few points of agreement between the various theories, except in the great leading principles, the inheritance as it were of humanity,—principles so based upon the clearest perceptions, or so plainly deducible from argument, as to claim universal faith. But beyond these great axioms all is, and ever has been, confusion and disagreement; characterized chiefly, either by a blind faith in partial systems, or a restless skepticism as to all systems. It is evident that the human mind asks earnestly for answers to questions forced upon it by its temporal wants and its spiritual yearnings; and that it has not yet found these answers in the schemes of theorists, however satisfactory those schemes may be to their originators. Perhaps no unequivocal reply ever will be obtained. But the queries will forever be put, and never cease to be the great subjects of human inquiry.

The two extremes of ethical science are now represented by materialism, naturalism, or utilitarianism on one hand, and transcendentalism, spiritualism, or mysticism on the

other. So great and so subtle are the distinctions and disagreements, even among the advocates of the same theory, that it is impossible to present, even in the form of general principles, the characteristics of each, with any tolerable succinctness. The best that can be done, in a brief sketch for the purposes of collation and inquiry, is to note tendencies and actual results.

The first set of systems rejects the abstract and expends its energies entirely upon the concrete. Disregarding all mere speculations, it seeks to connect principles at once with practice, and proves their truth or falsity, and fixes their extent and value, not by abstract reasonings, but by experimental utility. It is solely in their applicability to our purposes, that it recognizes their existence or their merit, paying little or no regard to abstractions. That is and is right, which is operating and operating to the benefit of man; that is and is wrong, which is found operating to his injury.

It is objected to these systems, that they compress the sphere of thought to the comparatively narrow limits of the actual; thereby degrading reason, and in some measure practically denying the existence, or at any rate, the use of some of the purer and nobler affections and faculties: secondly, that they tend to debase the spiritual nature by a constant reference to expediency; taking away the moral standard and elevated feeling of abstract right — of virtue to be followed and loved for its own sake and because it is acceptable to God.

Now upon these censures, candor may offer two suggestions at least. First, if these systems are of a practical character, savoring more of the sordidness of interest than of the loftiness of noble purposes, the blame should fall partly upon circumstances. They are the necessary reaction induced by the futile speculations and scholastic non-entities of previous theories. They are the evident and plausible attempt of the mind to escape from a maze of discussions without end, both as to their prolixity and their results, which had induced the conviction that it was hopeless to look for any useful or agreeable issues from them. Wearied of idle abstractions, philosophy sought refuge and endeavored to find a renewal of hope in a thoroughly experimental method. Secondly, it may be questioned



whether there is, after all, any error in the identification of the right and the expedient, of utility and virtue. If Providence and nature are terms for the will of the Deity unfolded and exerted in creation, and if the Deity acts therein in conformity with his accorded attributes of beneficence, omniscience and omnipotence, then it would seem to follow strictly, that the true, the right, and the expedient must be one and the same. The wisdom of God must be truth, his purpose must be right, and his motive the ultimate good of all creation. Now these propositions appear to embrace no fallacy : and if not, then real and ultimate expediency must be right. Virtue must be, of its own nature, happiness ; and vice, of necessary consequence, misery. These points being conceded, the only remaining questions would be two ; —whether an experimental and actual expediency, or a theoretic and speculative dogma, be the safer guide to the truth ; and whether the prospect of happiness be the proper, or best inducement to hold out for the practice of virtue.

We think that the difficulties raised exist rather in the deficient carrying out and partial development of the system, than in a radical error ; and that a philosophical and expanded doctrine of utility might perhaps be led up to results as perfect and motives as pure as those of any other system. Let us state a proposition in two ways. The spiritualist says ; —

Virtue is obedience to the will of God, and therefore a duty. It is consonant with and necessary to the dignity of man, and therefore should be practised by him.

The naturalist says ; —

Facts prove that virtue is conducive to the real happiness and best interests of man ; therefore, if he is wise, he will practise it.

The first statement assumes a principle not so easily deducible by the generality of minds, nor so easily proved, as the material facts assumed in the second. Herein it may be less likely to prove an effectual incentive to the practice of virtue. The leading proposition in the first must be derived from pure reason, while in the second it is drawn from observation. In many instances, though perhaps not so much in this particular one, it is to be apprehended that there would be less certainty and obviousness, to most

minds, in the first process than in the second. But the grand objection to the second is the vulgarity and selfish narrowness of the motive implied and appealed to in the reasoning. But, if we follow it out to its necessary deductions, is not this objection removed? For instance, the naturalist may proceed as follows; — the reason why virtue is expedient is, that the beneficent wisdom of God has so constituted all things, that right action shall constantly be productive of good, and wrong action of evil, more or less distinctly to the agent as well as to the object. This is the immutable, wise and kind law of Supreme Intelligence and Love. By obeying this law, you are in harmony with God and his purposes: by infringing it, you are at issue with them. Does not the complete statement of the *whole* truth introduce every higher motive, and do away the difficulty? Love to God and expanded affection to man, faith in the truth and hope in the right, are as readily and as necessarily deduced from this formula, as from the spiritual one; while its strong appeal to human nature, as we find it, remains unimpaired. In the first case, the reasoning stands thus: —

Virtue is the will of God, and moral right. These it is our duty to observe. Therefore we should practise virtue.

In the second case the reasoning is: —

Virtue and happiness have been made inseparable by God. Happiness is desirable. Therefore we should practise virtue.

There is a deficiency in both. The first neglects the natural truths, which are perhaps the most powerful proofs and strongest inducements to belief and consequent practice. This deficiency some minds might not readily supply; and the axiom loses at least a portion of its interest for, and hold upon humanity. The second passes over the moral duties of feeling and practice, which grow out of the relations it asserts: but few minds probably would fail to feel them, after distinct comprehension of the premises from which they result. Moreover, there is nothing in the practical creed of the naturalist to prevent his proceeding to the fullest development and enforcement of the resulting moral obligation; though it must be confessed that it has not been done to so great an extent as would be desirable. But in spiritualism there is often an unwise and supercilious

scorn of all secondary motives, that tends greatly to keep out of sight many highly important relations of our being, and to conceal the beautiful consistency and perfect uniformity, in essence and operation, of universal truth.

Let us take another example. "Thou shalt not steal." What can the spiritualist add, upon his scheme, to the simple command? If a reason be asked, he must reply — Thou shalt not do it, because it is forbidden, and because it is, in itself, an act wicked, vile and degrading. This is all well. The materialist would add the cogent reasonings to be drawn from the wants of society, and enforce them by the selfish but pertinent motive, that being contrary to the welfare of the whole, it is so to the welfare of each, the wrong-doer as well as others. And here again the argument, though not directly specifying, necessarily infers from the acknowledged authorship of our condition here, the additional motive drawn from the will of God and regard to moral duty.

But spiritualism refuses the aid of such extraneous and subordinate motive, and relies solely upon pure moral obligation. It dwells in the abstract and scorns the concrete. It attempts to develop to the uttermost human capacity, while it studiously strips reason of the incalculable aid it may find in the proper direction of the passions and affections, and the thorough knowledge of utilitarian considerations. Transcendentalism, while it inculcates the most lofty faith in human capacity, seems to reject faith in everything else. It assumes that pure reason is all-sufficient for us, and that to derive a conviction or draw a motive from any other source, is to derogate from our moral dignity and to drink from a polluted spring.

Now it seems to us that the divinely inspired philosophy of our Saviour proceeds upon different ground. He seldom appeals to any but the purest motives, for his object was to reveal, not to reason out the truth. His was the part of the prophet as well as of the instructor. But even he gave as the golden rule of life — "Do unto others, as ye would they should do unto you." Here he indisputably appeals directly to our self-love, and even makes the cravings of individual interest the standard of right. And can it be said, that in this much admired precept there is any lack of elevation and purity? Yet it speaks not to the

moral sense abstracted from everything but pure principle, but to the concrete notions that constitute our most tangible and vivid conceptions of right and wrong.

• Indeed, unless the spiritualist assume all reason and all moral sense to be pure inspiration, we do not see the validity of the objection to the consideration of any and every inducement and argument that in anywise bears upon a point of ethics. If we are to reason out our duty at all, why not reason upon practical as well as abstract truths? The effect carries with it as much argument as the cause; the consequences are often more plain and convincing than the principle from which they result. And if our convictions of right are to assume the form of a holy faith, rather than acquiescence in proof, shall we not have faith in nature as well as in revelation or inspiration? He who reveals the precept or inspires the aspiration, has also created a universe according to the exercise of the same will and upon the principles of the same love, wisdom and power. We cannot suppose that he is inconsistent with himself; that he promulgates to the spirit of man one law and stamps upon the creation, of which that same spirit is a coerced and connected portion, another and a contradictory law. Why not then see with the eye of faith the purposes of the Deity in his material works, as well as in his Word or his supposed inspiration through the mind or heart?

But if it were inevitable, that arguments drawn from and ending in palpable consequences, or in mere selfish individuality, must drown or materially impair the nobler powers and blunt the finer aspirations of man, then we should deprecate the consequences not less than the most enthusiastic transcendentalist; and it might perhaps be a sufficient reason for foregoing all the advantages of these influences. But there is no apparent necessity for such a result: although it must be admitted that, from the natural extravagance of a mental reaction, the secondary arguments have been allowed to supersede, with some writers, the primary principles. This should not be, and need not be.

The grand objection to the mystic or spiritual theories is, that as they set up their own oracle, admitting no control from authority and no explanation from the external world, others may look upon its decisions as taking a coloring as much from prejudice or personal qualities as either from



reason or a divine inspiration. It was said that augur could not look in the face of augur without laughing; but here the laugh will be likely to be on the side of the people even as against the *pontifex maximus* himself. He who assumes the existence within him of a reason, either natural or supernatural, competent to decide all points without aid or comparison, may perfectly satisfy his own judgment, but will not probably command the assent of others; nor be very likely to attain to so much abstract truth as others, who invoke aid from the wide circle of human experience and defer somewhat to apparent authority, human and Divine.

The transcendentalist, indeed, attaches little importance to any uniformity and consentaneousness of conviction, but allows every man, like the Bunker's hill patriot, to fight out the battle of life, "on his own hook." There are most manifest difficulties in this arrangement. Except we presuppose infallibility all round, it would necessarily involve society in confusion and derangement. There are very many points which must not be lightly disputed; and which, if not unquestionable, must command peaceable acquiescence, or all social harmony and government are at an end at once. We shall have occasion to recur to this topic.

Common sense will for the most part reject the practical absurdities to which these abstractions lead, and even many who conscientiously advocate them will instinctively eschew their legitimate conclusions. Still there will be a palpable deficiency in all these systems, inasmuch as they fail fully to satisfy the wants of man. While the physical, intellectual and ethical sciences were in their infancy, it was both useful and necessary that their different branches should receive a distinct and separate scrutiny, in order to establish the facts and fix the principles which lie at their foundations. But it seems to us that the time is now come for a new process, which shall combine all these, and apply them in a compacted and coherent form to our nature and our purposes. These *disjecta membra* have done for us all the service of which they are capable, and we now wish to see them assume the real semblance of human life. We have pulled out one by one and measured and ticketed each stone and beam of the structure, and it now remains to restore all to their appropriate places and uses, and by reconstruction to gain a complete idea of the whole edifice. But

while the stones of the foundation lie on one side, and those of the walls on another, the beams in this spot, the columns and their capitals in that, although a skilful architect may possibly in imagination picture to himself its full proportions, it is to the common eye but an unsightly chaos.

We believe that this process must soon be resorted to. The world is weary of quiddities and entities, of old ideas with new names, and new extravagances with profound German nomenclatures. All these things for the most part result in next to nothing, and the interest which they excite in the every-day world is of corresponding insignificance. The general mind asks for a philosophy that will develop and explain our whole being — as it is — a complex thing, not resolvable, in the present state of matters, into its constituent elements, but constantly acting from the joint efficacy of manifold impulses.

Why should we speculatively separate the theories of our bodies, our intellect, and our soul, when experience admonishes us with every breath we draw, that they have not and cannot have any separate existence or separate manifestation in this life? We are endeavoring to put asunder what God has joined. Scarcely an act of any human being can be instanced or supposed, in which matter and mind, or soul, act purely and independently of their relations to each other. The hot and fierce passions and the subtile affections incessantly influence the lordly intellect, and in many cases rob it of its supremacy. The strength or weakness of the body, and the sensuous faculties, continually modify the intensity and operations of their cognate allies. Any attempt to analyse either alone, and without reference to these intimate and active relations, is almost an idle folly. It seems to us, that it is the disregard of them that has rendered ethical and metaphysical conclusions so vague and unsatisfactory. It is impossible fully to comprehend the phenomena, the necessities and capacities of either portion of our nature, without taking into view their mutual connexion and constant reaction upon each other. If it were desired to describe some complicated machine — for instance, a steam-engine — in such a manner as to impart a full idea of it and the power of working it to advantage, it would not be done by a disconnected sketch of its distinct portions only; but by a complete description of the whole

taken together, as well as of its several minute contrivances. An ingenious and accomplished engineer, indeed, by careful consideration of drawings of its levers, cylinders, boilers and pistons, might succeed, after thorough and laborious investigation, in reconstructing its parts and giving a shrewd guess at its motive-power and its purposes. But to most minds this would be a task of difficulty and doubt; and to many, a sheer impossibility. A Cuvier may arrange the skeleton of an antediluvian monster from a heap of mouldering and disjointed bones; but to a less experienced and skilful eye, it would be a hopeless task. What those scattered relics are to the animal in its active existence and perfect shape, *that* are the unconnected and undigested speculations on mind, matter and spirit to a coherent, systematic view, such as we would propose. If the engineer should sit down and compute the powers of his engine from the mathematical forces represented by its wheels, its levers and its original impulsion, without regard to its combinations and its elements of friction, his results would be far from the results of actual experience. Though they might be abstractly true, they would be practically false, and would furnish no very safe guide for action. And just so, speculations based solely upon any one province of our compound being, and regardless of the countless affinities and controlling sympathies, often silent and secret, but constant and irresistible, must be still more grossly deficient. They may answer certain purposes in extracting the elements of science, and laying foundations upon which more sufficient and complete deductions may be reared; but they cannot furnish in themselves a perfect guide, either for thought or practice. It is true, that in the application due allowances may be made and the results rectified; but the process is a circuitous and confused one, involving great additional trouble, if not in many instances eventual failure. We do not believe that it can ever be sound policy to disguise the simple truth. No sublimity of mode or elevation of purpose can suffice to render error preferable.

Therefore a system of philosophy which shall fully recognize and proceed upon this immutable and intimate connexion and coëxistence of the various elements of our being, will have a vast superiority over all previous systems. It will furnish to the speculative mind the exact and complete

truth, and to the humbler inquirer the faithful, efficient and safe rule of practice. Its principles will not be found to be either partially or wholly irreconcilable with the actual processes of life, or incomprehensible by the common sense of the mass of mankind. It will no longer be a portrait, of considerable resemblance perhaps, but filled up and colored according to the painter's fancy or the painter's interest; but a daguerrotyped fac-simile of humanity, drawn with a pencil of light and warm with the direct radiance of the great Life-giver.

If such a system could be faithfully and truly elaborated, each phase of character would find in it the sympathies it would seek and the instruction it would require. Its universality of scope would embrace all peculiarities, and its truth reconcile them all, and reduce the discordant plans and views of sectarian zeal, if not to agreement, at least to harmony. The embodiment of human nature, it would gather everything human to itself, and have a voice of sympathy and instruction for all.

Speculation and theory too would become more impartial and enlightened. Each department being fairly represented and taken into account, partiality would be, comparatively at least, without excuse and without motive.

The real or supposed inconsistencies, and even contradictions, between speculative and practical wisdom are matter of constant comment in every-day life. The sagacious man of the world shrinks with instinctive caution from the theorist. He will base his operations solely upon experience, and commit their execution to those only whom experience has instructed and success has proved. To be termed a philosopher or a scholar, would be a more than doubtful recommendation in the busy world. The assertion that a man's studies and meditations have been such as to teach him the best possible way of doing a thing, is almost universally taken as proof indisputable of his utter incapacity to do it. Now it is not so with the other sciences. Study and profound mathematical and physical knowledge are far from being disqualifications to the engineer. He applies readily and felicitously his abstract information, and builds upon it his best hopes of success. Why then should the metaphysician be *ex officio* a child in the management of the very propensities and capacities



of humanity which have been the study of his life; or the poet or classical scholar be unequal to the common demands of the existence whose elements are his meditation and his theme? We admit that there is a native and inherent dissimilarity between those minds that are most strongly bent upon abstractions, and those which willingly expend their energies upon the actual and executive functions of society. But the broad distinction between the *rationale* and the practice could not be so glaring or so ridiculous as it has sometimes been, if there were not a gross deficiency in the mental culture and a lamentable short-coming in results.

This consequence is effected in a two-fold way. First, by the partial, onesided and unhealthy development of the intellect, which leaves the whole man, however exalted and finished in some particulars, weak and inefficient in others: secondly, by the equally partial, onesided, and, of course, in a degree false character of the speculative deductions themselves. In very many cases these latter are only true, or at any rate accurate, upon peculiar hypotheses and under special circumstances, which frequently exist chiefly in the idiosyncrasy of the authors; who, in fine, make a world for themselves, partly of fact and partly of fancy, instead of thoroughly analysing and fairly comprehending the real operations of Divine wisdom and the actual sphere of human action. Their mental operations are erroneous, both from education and habit. The most prominent causes of error are an ill-balanced and unfinished character, and the want of a full comprehensive philosophy which should present man and his works, his duties, rights and capacities, in their true form and relative connexion.

The changes that have been wrought in the character of many classes of literary men, by the rapid advance and wide extension of general knowledge and the concentration of general principles during the past century, furnish strong confirmation of this position. Some of the bright ornaments of New England are living proofs that the golden-sanded streams of Pactolus may roll in the same channel with the waters of Helicon, and we hope and believe the time may come when Castalian dew may help to ripen more substantial fruits than poetic visions.

It is dissatisfaction with the defective results which we

have noticed, that leads active minds to extravagances. Transcendentalism appears to have enshrined itself with some few of the proudest intellects and loftiest spirits of the time. Those who can appreciate and sympathize with them, will find something to admire, as well as much to pity and blame. The source and spring of their error seems to us obvious. It is one of those cases where purity of spirit and energy of intellect are made to give additional perversity and cause more fatal aberration. It is a fanaticism, the qualified truth and purposed loftiness of whose principles does something to disarm censure, and much to blind its advocates to their incoherencies. But the admiration which elevation and disinterestedness would claim, is lost from inconsequence and temerity. Wearied and indignant, the transcendentalist would turn his eyes entirely from earth and its grovelling aims and petty contrivings, and fasten his kindling eye upon the starry heavens, where reign uninterrupted, sublime and alone, that purity which he loves and that mighty wisdom with which his own bold intellect claims kindred. But while his spirit soars, his feet must still rest upon the earth; and the intellect which can pass the wanderings of the stars and spurn the limits of space, is bound up in a frame which must obey the most rigid laws of matter and be cramped within the limits of a mortal individuality. The mystic seems also to forget that the sublime and all-expansive reason, upon which alone he would rely, and for and through which alone he would live, derives much of its power and almost all its motive, in its present condition, from its allied passions and sympathies. It is indeed reason that ennobles the man, but it is the man and his hopes and fears, his plans and purposes, and even his follies, that lend energy and power to reason itself. The mythology of Greece, all paganism and poetry though it be, will sometimes furnish a lesson to the most confident reasoners, for it sprang from the deep bosom of humanity and grew out of its instincts, its wants and hopes. In intellectual Athens, Venus and Apollo, Mars and Mercury shared with Minerva the worship of her tutelar votaries, and the broad ægis and the Medusan spell of its gorgon visage were necessary to complete the idea of intellectual power, even to the spiritual Greek. Whatever we may desire, we cannot altogether divorce matter and mind.

If reason have in its *essence* no limits and no imperfection, it is certainly circumscribed and modified in its operations by practical limits, which it is the extreme of rashness to overlook. However pure and perfect this nobler portion of our nature may be supposed to be in itself, it is inseparably united in this world to elements obviously imperfect and fallible. It can operate only through physical means, partial and uncertain; and it will not operate at all, except at the instigation of affections and passions notoriously capricious and delusive. It is highly erroneous therefore, to assume the right and duty of perfectly independent thought and action, in virtue of which some ardent reformers would deny the obligations of society and the control of all authority extraneous to their own internal conviction. Such a prerogative can justly appertain only to infallibility; and human nature has not the right, nor, in effect, the power to exercise it. Whatever the deductions of reason might be, the deductions of the human mind, as it is constituted and as it must operate, are liable to great and constant error. With the purest purpose and the highest care, obliquity and perversity will mingle with our most elaborate conclusions. Therefore we cannot safely reject authority. It is only by comparison of opinions correcting each other, by collation of views formed under countervailing influences, that abstract truth can in anywise be hoped for.

The position, that each man should act entirely and solely upon his own independent conviction, is no less false. If there were only in question his own private interests and action in no wise affecting others, he might be justifiable, perhaps commendable, in following to the utmost his honest conviction. Yet even here, there might arise much doubt as to the prudence with which a conclusion widely differing from that of almost all beside himself could be implicitly received and unhesitatingly acted upon. But where the constituted order and accepted law of society must be infringed, since he is himself fallible, subject to delusions and caprices and errors from a thousand sources, he is bound, on all philosophical principles, strongly to question the accuracy of his deduction, however plain and imperative it may appear. He must not assume the impossibility of his

own error, in the same breath with which he imputes error to thousands as pure and as intelligent as himself. Opposition to law and order and prescriptive right is of the nature of treason, and carries with it a fearful responsibility. Its correctness should therefore be placed beyond a reasonable doubt, before it be considered a proper ground of action. In many a case the modesty of true philosophy and Christian humility might with much advantage have prevented the miseries, as well as have surpassed the moral desert of the martyr's crown.

There must be, it is true, a limit to this doctrine. Conscience has her sphere and her duty, and wrong must be combated manfully, and sometimes at every hazard. It is a bold position that logic is competent to decide all questions, or even of the highest authority in all. There are things we feel, but can hardly prove. These things too are, from their nature, the highest and holiest facts of all. Though not compressible within a syllogism, they have in the convictions of most men a hold that argument can scarcely strengthen, and which no argument can destroy. To treat these universal convictions as idle fictions or foolish prejudices, is unphilosophical and wicked. Indeed, we feel some doubt whether they really conflict at all with the empire of reason, and whether such matters of belief as the existence of the Deity, the immortality of the soul, the abstract feeling of right and wrong, may not be in truth the highest manifestations of reason and the strongest proof of its divine nature. For why may we not consider them, not as innate ideas, or inspirations, but simple processes of reason, which do not appear to be such solely because our nature in its present state has not language to express, nor energies fully to comprehend, the full and logical statement of the truth. We may imagine reason walking here below with her material and grosser sisterhood. From time to time she catches a glimpse of the far-off heaven, as the mists part for an instant that curtain in the earth. Glowing with conceptions of glorious truth, she turns to her companions and would fain impart to them the sublime information. But the tongue has not power to repeat, nor even can the flagging imagination rise to the level of the conception. The more heavily moulded sisters can but catch, from the fire that flashes in the eye and the eloquent lineaments of the breathing fea-



tures, a subdued, vague and passive conviction, the impression of which endures, nevertheless, undoubted and implicitly believed forever.

It is at any rate unwise, if nothing worse, to reject whatever mocks the power of our logic. We must take something upon trust, and credulity is far preferable in such matters to a cold and heartless skepticism. But we cannot pretend either to analyze existing systems or to develop all the materials for new ones, and we return for a moment to the original consideration we have suggested.

Once more then, the errors and extravagances, the overfond theories and the over-scrupulous negations, that deform philosophy and perplex and disgust the inquirer, seem to us to arise from inadequate and partial views. There is but one way of arriving at sound and accurate conclusions; and that is, by faithful investigation and analysis of all the facts that belong to human nature, whether of body or of mind, of heart or soul. We want a faithful picture of man, in his complex being and his manifold relations. We want an analysis of each part and a re-construction of the whole in its natural connexion, that will enable us to discern the secrets and fathom the capacities of our being, to know its weaknesses and its strength, its purposes and its means of accomplishment, its separate faculties and their combinations. Then we shall be able to judge correctly and to plan wisely, to comprehend results and prepare ourselves to control them. And we believe that a system of this sort, ably and honestly digested, would throw a flood of light upon the dark places. It would clear up mysteries that now throw gloom and sadness over many a heart. It would check fanaticism, and refute bigotry. It would be fatal to error and presumption, and secure the triumph of correct and genial principles. It is a mighty task, but it will be done. Some Newton of metaphysics will find and follow out the clue, and read in the rapture of successful labor a greater harmony than that of the spheres, the harmony of reason, sympathising with, if not thoroughly comprehending the eternally true and holy.

The Heathen, in despair, threw an impenetrable stole over the features of the marble in which he imaged the spirit of the universe, and wrote upon the base of the statue of the mighty Mother the reluctant admission — "No man

hath lifted the veil that covers me." But we dare to hope that Christian faith and advancing knowledge may yet master, to a great extent, the solemn secret, and one day sound to the expectant ear of our race that key-note of creation, which shall at last compose all seeming discords and reduce to harmony the jarring and uneasy elements of mortal life.

G. H. D.

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ART V.—LIFE OF BLANCO WHITE.\*

AT the close of the article on Blanco White in the last number of the Examiner, the writer intimates that another view of his autobiography might be presented, which the peculiar object of his article did not comprehend. The aim of that paper was to review in part the *opinions* of Blanco White, the aim of the present is to furnish a sketch of his life with some notices of his character. We derive all our knowledge of Blanco White from the work before us, and surely no man ever furnished the world with more complete materials for fully understanding either his opinions, his conduct, or his character. The "Confessions" of Rousseau are not more remarkable for their candor and minuteness of details, than this autobiography. It would seem as if nothing but a regular education at the confessional, first as penitent and then as priest, could enable any man to turn himself so wholly inside out. As a curiosity in psychological literature, the work would deserve the utmost attention, were its subject less interesting than he is. But in our judgment it would be difficult to find a man, the workings of whose mind and heart it were better worth while to observe.

Joseph Blanco White was born at Seville, Spain, July 11, 1775. His ancestors were Irish on the father's side, his grandfather having emigrated from Waterford in Ireland to Spain, just before his father's birth. They were Catholic. His mother, a woman of fine intellect, was

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\* *The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, written by Himself, with portions of his Correspondence.* Edited by JOHN HAMILTON THOM. 3 vols. London. 1845.

connected with the old Andalusian "noblesse." His father was engaged in commercial pursuits, and although not rich, was able to maintain his family in the highest respectability. Joseph was brought up "with deeply inculcated habits of gentility." His mother despised trade as in itself demeaning, and did all she could to frustrate the father's intentions of educating her son to his own business. She had him instructed in Latin and in music by the time he was eight years old, and so encouraged his natural taste for knowledge, that his mercantile training became disgusting to him, as contrasted with his other pursuits. He declared his intention to become a priest, and his father and mother were both too deeply religious and too much under the influence of Catholic superstition, to oppose so holy a purpose, even had their judgment disapproved it. But it was in the highest degree gratifying to his mother.

The truly religious character of his parents and their complete devotion to the Romish Church is one of the most interesting views opened in the work. They were persons of intelligence, of taste, of lofty virtue, of scrupulous conscience, and at the same time enthusiastic devotees to Catholicism. Blanco White represents their implicit obedience to their own views of religion as their greatest misfortune, and his own. But it is beautiful to see such fidelity to duty, and such practical benevolence, existing in the shadow of such dreadful superstition. The father spent a large part of every Sabbath in visiting the hospitals, exposing himself fearlessly to the most infectious disorders when raging with their most alarming fury. It would not have been strange if their son, with such evidences of real piety in his home, had grown up with an unquestioning confidence in the religion of his parents.

Joseph was brought up entirely without companions of his own age. He had no brother, and his sisters were both sent to convents for their education. This made him solitary during his childhood. His early education was confined to the catechism and the jargon of School divinity. At twelve he had read no book, but "the Lives of the Saints," — except *Don Quixote*, by stealth, and *Telema- chus*, a book which excited his earliest doubts; which he confesses to the priest, who smiles at the innocent skepticism of the child. He complains of the laborious observ-

ance of the Sabbath, which made him dread its return. At fourteen, an unquenchable thirst for knowledge takes possession of him. He read at this period a work of Feyjoo, a secret skeptic, in ten or twelve quartos, and imbibed from it the rudiments of the Baconian philosophy, which was in direct opposition to the whole spirit of his faith and education. He refers back to the opinions and feelings which reigned in his mind at this age, as being identical with those which governed him through subsequent life. He rejoices at sixty in his identity with the boy at fifteen. "A great love of knowledge and a hatred of established errors" took possession of him at that early age.

He had been placed at fourteen at a College of Dominicans in Seville, but remains there only a short time and is removed to the University. Here he falls in with a tutor, Arjona, who is struck with his talents and takes him, with two others, under his special charge. This instructor, a priest, possesses extraordinary abilities and great worth, but "has that in his mind which could not fail to place him in a state of jarring dissonance with the religion of Spain." At this time, however, he is sincerely devoted to the Catholic religion. He initiates his pupil into French and Italian literature, and conducts with great success his Latin, rhetorical and oratorical studies, while he encourages his clerical tastes and purposes. We will add in passing, as an illustration of the tendencies of the Catholic system upon the best minds, that this Arjona, a priest and a scholar, becomes in the end a complete skeptic and a dissolute character.

Joseph has, in accordance with the custom, chosen a confessor upon entering the University, at the church of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. He was guided in his choice by the splendor of the service at this particular chapel, by his love of music, which was carried to consummate perfection here, and by his inherited admiration of the Jesuits, who directed this church. He represents this St. Philip Neri, "as the spiritual opera-house of Seville," and being accomplished in music, he was accustomed, as a volunteer in the orchestra upon high festivals, to play from morning till sunset, "till his fingers were ready to bleed;" an illustration of the enthusiasm of his temperament.



He complains of the extreme drudgery of his religious duties, during the whole period of his youth, when he fully believed in their efficacy and sanctity ; of the weariness of waiting on his knees for his turn to confess ; or of looking on while the priest went through "mass ;" and of the long and unmeaning sermons to which he was compelled to listen. From fourteen to twenty-seven, the age at which for a time he became an unbeliever, he never, except under serious illness, omitted reading in an audible voice the whole service for the day out of the Breviary, which at the most rapid rate took an hour and a quarter. Nor was this the most burdensome task imposed upon him. He describes an exercise called "*Oracion Mental*," which was prescribed by his confessor, as still more annoying. It consisted in an hour equally divided between reading unmeaning books of devotion, and meditating upon the knees in perfect silence on what had been read. Although wholly incapable of fixing his attention, his sense of duty compelled him, watch in hand, to go through with this useless drudgery for many years.

"It is indeed," he exclaims, "a matter of surprise to me at this moment, how I could, for so long a period, submit to such a series of fatiguing practices, and yet find time and strength for my mental studies. To feel indignant at this distance of time may be absurd ; but it is with difficulty I can check myself, when I remember what I have suffered in the name of religion." — Vol. i. p. 29.

The ardent imagination, with the decided love of every enjoyment, which characterised White, made him twice during his preparation for orders desire to quit the clerical profession, but domestic influence overruled his wishes. In speaking of the conflict between his love of freedom and his professional bondage and dependence upon the direction of his confessor, there occur these valuable observations upon the tendency of Confession.

"In a country where every person's conscience is in the keeping of another, in an interminable succession of moral trusts, the individual conscience cannot be under the steady discipline of self-governing principle : all that is practised is *obedience* to the opinions of others ; and even that obedience is inseparably connected with the idea of a dispensing power. If you can obtain an opinion favorable to your wishes, the responsibility

falls on the adviser, and you may enjoy yourself with safety. The adviser on the other hand, having no consciousness of the action, has no sense of remorse, and thus the whole morality of the country, except in very peculiar cases, wants the steady ground of individual responsibility." — Vol. i. p. 33.

We may add while on the subject of confession another extract.

"I will not stop to urge the grounds of a conviction, on which I have enlarged elsewhere — that auricular confession is one of the most mischievous practices of the Romanist Church. To those who are not totally ignorant of the philosophy of morals, it must be clear that such minute attention to individual faults — not to trace them to their source in the heart, but in order to ascertain whether they are *venial* or *mortal* sins according to the judgment of another man — must, in an infinite number of cases, check the development of conscience, and may totally destroy it in many. As far as my experience extends, the evils of auricular confession increase in proportion to the sincerity with which it is practised. \* \* \* Many, indeed, were the evils of which my subsequent period of disbelief in Christianity (a disbelief full of spite for the evils inflicted upon me in its name) was the occasion; yet I firmly believe that but for the buffetings of that perilous storm, scarcely a remnant of the quick moral perception which God had naturally given to my mind would have escaped destruction by the emaciating poison of confession. I judge from the certain knowledge of the secret conduct of many members of the clergy, who were deemed patterns of devotion. Like those wretched slaves, I should have been permanently the worse for the custom of sinning and washing away the sin by confession. Free, however, from that debasing practice, my conscience assumed the rule, and, independently of hopes and fears, it clearly blamed what was clearly wrong, and, as it were, learnt to act by virtue of its natural supremacy." — Vol. i. pp. 43, 44.

We know no writer who has better explained and illustrated the connexion between animal spirits and religious enthusiasm than the author of this work, and whoever would see the machinery by which in the Catholic Church the imagination is rendered master of the reason, and the bodily passions are made to do the work of the moral affections, should read his account of the "Spiritual Exercises" under the direction of Father Vega, contained between the thirty-fifth and fiftieth pages of the first volume.

Blanco White's natural disgust for the "cloying and

mawkish devotion" in which he was compelled to participate made him very anxious to abandon his profession. His father would have supported him even at the last moment in this resolution, but his mother's tears so wrought upon his tender heart, that he had not strength to disappoint her fondest hope, and at the age of twenty-one he allowed himself to be admitted to sub-deacon's orders.

There follow in the narrative some very interesting, but painful statements of the author upon the celibacy of the clergy, in which he declares unchastity to be the very general result. His opportunities as a confessor of knowing the condition of females in the nunneries, reveal a shocking state of impurity among that incarcerated race of vestals.

He now passes four years in College as a Fellow, preparatory to taking priest's orders. It was not a season of improvement or of happiness. As the time approached, a sincere and determined effort to resume the retired life of his early youth, and obtain the peace of mind which had left him, returned. He had, he says, "an awful sense of the dignity of the priestly office and trembled at the idea of profaning it." With these feelings he entered the priesthood.

It is impossible to recount even the principal events which now succeeded in his life. His ambition was aroused, and he made many and great efforts to distinguish himself. In public competitions for honors and places he was crowned with success, and there opened before him a professional career of honor and influence, bounded only by his ambition. But this career was quickly obstructed by his unconquerable skepticism. He gives the following account of his change of opinions.

"The history of my change from a sincere belief of the Roman Catholic Creed to a total disbelief of Christianity, has been faithfully recorded in my works on Romanism. \* \* \* My rejection of Christianity was the necessary result of a free examination of that spurious, but admirably contrived form in which I had received it. I did not deny Christianity in order to live without a moral law. My change was not the effect of vicious inclinations, or immoral practices. My conduct was perfectly correct, when in spite of the most earnest efforts to resist conviction, I found conviction irresistible. In rejecting Christianity as an imposture I was certainly wrong, but I cannot discover how it could be possible in *my circumstances* to have

separated pure Christianity from the mass of error and deceit which concealed it from my eyes." — Vol. i. pp. 108, 9.

"Who could have thought," he adds, "that in these circumstances, and just at the period when I was most seriously and conscientiously employed in the duties of my profession, a moral and intellectual storm would fall upon me, which would at once sweep away all the religious impressions so industriously and so long inculcated on my mind; which was to make the prospect of honors and emoluments in the Church odious to me, and a residence in my native country perfectly intolerable? Yet so it was, in spite of a most determined resistance on my part." — Vol. i. p. 111.

There is no difficulty in our accounting for the rejection of Romanism and Christianity both together, by a mind like Mr. White's. Nor can we wonder at the temporary concealment of his opinions. We learn from him that he was surrounded by dignitaries in the Church who made no secret with him of their infidelity, and even furnished him with skeptical works. They were content to reap the fruits of their hypocrisy. He was made wretched by his false position. By the laws of his country he cannot lay down his office. To expatriate himself is his only escape, and this will give a death-blow to his parents. Agitated by conflicting views, he strives to convince himself that he may honestly profess Christianity in an esoteric way — using his office only for good purposes and carefully avoiding any breach of morals. It is infinitely to his credit, that he is able to say, much later in life, that during the seven years of total unbelief in which he continued to exercise the office of a priest, he never availed himself of his privileges and opportunities for any purpose on which as a Christian he cannot look back without shame.

But let us not suppose him contented in this constrained hypocrisy, or wholly satisfied with the apologies he found for his concealment of his infidelity. He seeks the first opportunity, furnished by the civil and political disturbances in Spain, to fly his country. In a man with his tenderness of heart, his family ties, his peculiar unfitness to contend with the world, his sensitiveness,—this exile, which had no solace of fortune, of reputation, of companionship to alleviate it, was an act of heroism and principle, which ought to outweigh many faults, if there were many to be counterbalanced.



Of the trials that preceded his escape ; of his sister's taking the veil, and by an unconscious refinement of torture, Arjona, a profligate to Blanco's knowledge, preaching the sermon on that dreadful occasion, and he an infidel being compelled to celebrate mass at what he regarded as his sister's sacrifice ; of his horror of Catholicism, which has him so firmly in its murderous grasp ; of his mother's fear lest she should be compelled to accuse him to the Inquisition ; — of all these we have no time to speak.

He leaves Spain and arrives in England at the age of thirty-five, in the year 1810. There subsistence is the first thing to be thought of. He undertakes the Herculean labor of publishing a periodical of which he is the sole writer, devoted to the cause of political freedom in his own country. His honest services are met with an ingratitude and misrepresentation among the patriots at home, which wound him to the quick. He resists bribes, and threats of assassination, of which his political course makes him the object. His health breaks down under his great exertions, and the foundation is laid of a disease which gnaws at his vitals for the remainder of his life, and aggravates every trial to which he is called. From this time he is an invalid, and his ill health is a most important element in a just view of his character.

He tries private tutorship as a means of living, but is unable to bear the confinement and drudgery of this mode of life. Kind friends seem to have gathered about his path from the first, and his life in England is a history of great hospitality on the part of all who knew him. He is at different times the guest of various Episcopal clergymen, to whose character and kindness he bears most honorable testimony.

Blanco White's life in England, a period of thirty years, is interesting chiefly for the changes of religious opinion through which he passed. He arrived there an infidel ; he shortly after renewed his faith in Christianity, and took orders in the English church.

His infidelity did not grow out of doctrinal difficulties. He rejected Christianity from an inability to believe in Romanism as a system. "Into the *authority* of that Church," he "resolved the certainty of his faith as a Christian." "When therefore," he says, "I became thorough-

ly convinced that Revelation did not give mankind the means of infallible certainty in regard to its supposed disclosures, I had no more to do with the body of theological doctrines. Why should I trouble myself any more with questions on the Trinity, Incarnation, and original sin." His return to Christianity arose chiefly "from examining it anew, not as a collection of dogmatic propositions, but in its spirit and tendencies; from studying it in the character of its Founder and his immediate followers." His mind "gave a *provisional* assent" to all the popular doctrines, and he of course found himself "predisposed to be a Church-of-England man." At this time, it is clear that doctrinal theology had formed no part of his studies. In subscribing the Thirty-nine Articles, he reëmbred the religion of his birth and education, relieved of the errors which had alone caused him to abandon it.

It was in the conscientious endeavor to prepare himself for communion in the English Church and for orders, that Mr. White found out how much more deeply than he himself had known were his religious difficulties seated. His mind during the period of his infidelity had allowed itself free scope. He had acquired habits of bold and unfettered thought, and when he came to apply to dogmatical theology the strength and the liberty, which had been nourished in other studies, it was impossible for him to be satisfied with the theology of the Thirty-nine Articles. His private journals exhibit the struggles of his mind during the whole period of his connexion with the Establishment. He makes the most honest and earnest endeavors to cherish that pious frame of mind, which accepts without questioning whatever is favorable to devotion. His sympathies move him to emulate the pietistic faith of many kind and holy friends of the Evangelical Episcopal School, who concerned themselves deeply for his welfare. His strong desire for identification with a reputable and learned body of clergy, is a snare for his soul. Gratitude for the hospitality he had received from Episcopal quarters and his intimate friendship with some of the dignitaries who most honor the English Church, bind him to its faith. But he early begins to dissent from the narrowness and exclusiveness of its ecclesiastical measures. He is offended with the political endowment of a particular creed. He sees many of the worst features

of Romanism practically manifested in the English Church ; and long before he has any distinct doubts about dogmas, protests against the discipline and pretensions of the Establishment. If his mind had not been exceedingly occupied at this period in the preparation of those remarkable works (judging by the effect they produced) which were directed against Romanism — we mean “Doblado’s Letters,” “Evidences against Catholicism,” the “Poor Man’s Preservative against Popery,” — he would have sooner found out the state of his mind in regard to the theology of the English Church. The writing of these works did a great deal towards maturing his opinions and preparing him to dispute the truth of the popular theology.

It was, however, at a period when his mind was most devout, that he began to doubt the popular doctrines of the Atonement and the Trinity.

“The history of my mind affords frequent and clear proofs, that the resistance of my reason against every religious view which does not stand on grounds that will bear an accurate examination, though it may be occasionally checked, cannot be finally subdued by devotional feeling. — I was at this time, and had been for a long period, living like an ascetic, and striving with all my strength to follow the practices, and imbibe the spirit of persons whom I conceived to be far, far above me as Christians. My Common Place Book, at this period, attests in every page the prostration of my self-esteem, and the awe with which at times I struck my understanding. At this very time, nevertheless, and while I was most sincerely ready to expose my life for the sake of Christ’s Gospel — at that very time, my daily reading and reflections were constantly raising doubts on the theological doctrines of the Atonement and the Trinity — doubts, indeed, which after long and fierce struggles with myself gained a complete victory.” — Vol. i. p. 323.

We cannot enter into the particulars of his conversion to Unitarianism. It was only after long study, and patient reading of all that had been written upon the subject, with an anxious desire for the removal of his doubts, only after many successive haltings at the various intermediate steps, that he finally abandoned Orthodoxy and embraced Unitarian sentiments. It was against all his interests, his prejudices, his friendships. The struggle by which he brought himself to acknowledge to his own heart his change of opinions, and finally to confess it to the world, was almost a death-

struggle. It cost him a second expatriation. He left the home in Archbishop Whately's family, where his weary, exiled heart had found the most affectionate sympathy and repose, and where he had hoped to pass the short remainder of his suffering days, and threw himself again a stranger upon the world. It is proper to add, that although Mr. White's sense of propriety would not allow him to shelter his heresy under the Archbishop's roof, the conduct of the Whatelys was most tender, generous and Christian from the beginning to the end of their intercourse with him.

The relief, the freedom, the satisfaction which Blanco White enjoyed in his adoption of Unitarian sentiments, and his delight in the public ministrations of that faith, form almost the only era of peaceful happiness in his history. His way *to* this position is difficult and long;\* his way *from* it is dark and full of unhappiness. Here for a moment he rests in what seemed to be his proper place. Would he could have felt his right to take up a permanent abode on that ground, so sacred and dear to us! The opinions to which he finally came, we cannot say in which he rested, are fully made known and discussed in the article in our last number to which we have referred.

It is impossible for any one who reads these volumes to doubt that he was governed by the sincerest love of truth in every change of sentiment he made. Indeed, a fear of unfaithfulness to his intellectual convictions haunted him with morbid apprehensions, and unquestionably tended to vitiate his investigations.

The studies of the last few years of his life, when his opinions underwent so painful a change, were carried on in a condition of bodily infirmity and suffering which it is most afflicting to contemplate. His natural sensibilities were extremely acute, and they had been sharpened still further by disease. The desertion and coldness of his former friends, or the manner in which his opinions were necessarily viewed by them, if they did not sour, certainly warped his mind. They made him jealous of all concessions to which his af-

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\* We are satisfied that a collection of the arguments which Blanco White furnishes against Orthodox errors, would prove a most valuable contribution to controversial literature, and we hope at least to see a tract, composed of extracts from these volumes bearing on the Unitarian controversy, added to the series of the Unitarian Association.



fections inclined him ; jealous of the exercise of every faculty but the understanding. He set about his religious investigations with a prejudice against every opinion which harmonized with the sentiments of others. The enthusiasm which he dreaded so much in religion, was too constituent a part of him, not to appear in his endeavors to explode religious errors. He became, without suspecting it, an enthusiast in free-thinking ; bigoted against bigotry, credulous in whatever favored incredulity. We are satisfied that his suspicion of the biases of his affections and temperament drove him into an opposite extreme, and subtracted from him all the assistance which the heart gives to the reasoning powers. He exhibits more acuteness than comprehensiveness of mind ; more power to overthrow than to build up.

Blanco White, however, was a man of a very high order of mind, as well as of the utmost strength of character. When we consider how he disentangled himself from the subtleties and prejudices of Romanism, we do not wonder that his strength was exhausted in that struggle, and that the action of his mind was in some respects vitiated by mental and bodily effort, anxiety and disease, during the last few years of his most suffering life. He had passed through enough to break down any mind, and we cannot consider him as wholly sound in judgment or feeling during his concluding studies.

His natural abilities appear in the facility and extent of his acquirements, in his extraordinary proficiency in the English language, and the variety and thoroughness of his accomplishments. He was a thorough musician, a good classical scholar, no mean poet, a most accomplished narrator, as his biography proves, and a master of the idiom and eloquence of a foreign tongue, and that the English.

But it is his character which must excite the admiration of all capable of appreciating moral courage, inflexible rectitude and supreme devotion to truth. These qualities attracted to him the reverence and love of some of the best minds on this side the Atlantic, and on the Continent, while he lived. The painful conclusions to which he came did nothing to lessen the estimation in which he was held. Nay, he could not have exhibited his moral rectitude as completely as he did, had he not run into errors which

exposed him to almost universal suspicion and denunciation. He was faithful to conscience when it led him into deserts so dreary that God never designed his children should wander in them, and kept his integrity when deprived of supports which Heaven usually vouchsafes to virtue in its extremity. Without any of the encouragements or solaces which religion lends its disciples, he was still religious to the end. He accepted the duties, when stripped of the supports of faith. Believing in nothing that could sustain his delicate affections or encourage his fainting heart, he manifested a sublime fidelity to conscience to the last, and died a saint, without the faith or hope of a Christian.

What Blanco White did believe, he believed with all his heart. It was in the sanctity of virtue. What a mighty buoyancy must that sentiment possess, to have borne him up under the terrible doubts and disbeliefs which hung upon his expiring soul! Who does not honor Blanco White more in his spiritual integrity and shattered faith, than though with the completest faith he had wanted a ray only of his moral brightness? Thank God, there is no necessary connexion between his infidelity and his moral elevation. But let those who are not so unfortunately circumstanced as to be tried with his doubts, see to it that, with all their helps, they possess something of his integrity and martyr-like fidelity to duty.

It is impossible for us to do anything more than refer to the deeply interesting correspondence contained in these volumes, between Blanco White and Dr. Channing, Professor Norton, and other distinguished men. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of expressing the admiration we feel for the courage, simplicity, and modesty with which Mr. Thom has edited these volumes. None who have not read them, can appreciate the temptation he must have withstood to qualify or comment upon parts of the autobiography. We thank him for all he has done, and for all he has left undone.

H. W. B.

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## ART. VI.—FESTUS.

A POEM of which the brave and earnest corn-law rhymers, Elliot, could say, "it contains poetry enough to set up fifty poets," must be an extraordinary work; and the author is certainly a most remarkable man, if at the age of twenty-three he has actually won the high position which a critic, not prone to overpraise, has assigned to him, in saying, that "Wordsworth excepted, who belongs to the past generation, there are but two living poets in England, Taylor and Tennyson, who can be named *near* him." Still higher is the praise bestowed in the assertion, that "in splendor and power, as sure as the sun shines, this poem cannot be outdone in the English tongue, thus far, short of Milton." Such a book may not be slighted. It was made known to readers in this country some four years since by an admirable review in the *Dial*, of which it is a sufficient recommendation, that it has been acknowledged in England, as the most discriminating and justly appreciating notice that has yet appeared. Now we have, thanks to Mr. Mussey, an edition reprinted here, and all who love good books will own and study it.

We are willing for our own part to confess, here in the outset, that taking *Festus* for all in all, we regard it as unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled by any creation of genius in the light literature of our age. This is a strong statement, but it is calmly made; and a thorough acquaintance with the book will, we are confident, establish the correctness of this judgment. We regret that space and time do not permit the full criticism which such a master-piece merits. But we must content ourselves with brief hints.

Our poet shall introduce himself.

## L'ENVOI.

"Read this, world! He who writes is dead to thee,  
But still lives in these leaves. He spake inspired:  
Night and day, thought came unhelped, undesired,  
Like blood to his heart. The course of study he

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\* *Festus. A Poem.* By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, Barrister at Law. First American Edition. Boston: B. B. Mussey. 1845. 16mo. pp. 416.

Went through was of the soul-rack. The degree  
 He took was high: it was wise wretchedness.  
 He suffered perfectly, and gained no less  
 A prize than, in his own torn heart, to see  
 A few bright seeds: he sowed them — hoped them truth.  
 The autumn of that seed is in these pages.  
 God was with him, and bade old Time, to the youth,  
 Unclench his heart, and teach the book of ages.  
 Peace to thee, world! — farewell! May God the Power,  
 And God the Love — and God the Grace, be ours!" — p. 413.

With such a book as this in hand one wishes to be, as the mesmerisers say, "impressible." We would not dare to touch it with coldness and cavilling; but would approach it with awe, as if laying our finger on the very heart of the writer. It is a confession in the ear of humanity; a pouring out of the soul's most holy secrets as at a judgment-day; a prayer in the temple of the all-present witness. We would let the author's "sphere" possess us. We would, for the time, see with his eyes, think with his mind, feel the impulse of his passions. Thus only, by looking on this self-portrait "in the same light in which it was drawn and colored," as Festus himself says, can we estimate aright his struggles, his personal limitations, God's work of wonder in him.

The first, superficial, outside impression of Festus Bailey, for the author and the book are wholly one, is of his extremely quick sensibility, and of his prodigal expenditure of life. The creature is all nerve; he feels with agonising intensity both pleasure and pain, and seems to be consuming, to use his own image,

"Like a bright wheel, which burns itself away,  
 Benighting even night with its grim limbs." — p. 76.

No poem of any time or language has manifested greater keenness of sensation. It would be impossible by extracts to give any notion of the profuse allusion to beauty of all kinds and degrees, with which this characteristic sensibility has crowded every page. As well attempt by a handful of wild flowers to represent the luxuriance of a western prairie, or pluck icicles from glittering boughs and shrubs to image the lustre of woods and fields changed to a magic garden by a winter's rain. The *temperament* of the man is in the highest scale of the poetic; he is a genuine child



of nature. Such excess of rapture is indeed morbid. Yet it would be better never to have been born, than not to have experienced the passionate love of mere existence, which exclaims with Festus,

\*   \*   \*   "I ask for nought  
but this, — to lie  
And look, and live, and *bask*, and bless myself  
Upon thy broad, bright bosom." — p. 52.  
"Green, dewy Earth, who standest at my feet  
Singing, and *pouring sunshine on thy head*  
*As naiad native water*, speak to me!  
I am thy son." — p. 61.

As an illustration of his childlike exuberance of natural delight, take Clara's words: —

"How still the air is! the tree-tops stir not:  
But stand and peer on Heaven's bright face as though  
It slept and they were loving it: they would not  
Have the skies see them move for summers; would they?  
See that sweet cloud! It is watching us, I am certain.  
What have we here to make thee stay one second?  
Away! thy sisters wait thee in the west,  
The blushing bridemaids of the sun and sea.  
I would I were like thee, thou little cloud,  
Ever to live in Heaven: or seeking earth,  
To let my spirit down in drops of love:  
To sleep with night upon her dewy lap;  
And, the next dawn, back with the sun to heaven;  
And so on through eternity, sweet cloud!  
I cannot but think that some senseless things  
Are happy. Often and often have I watched  
A gossamer line sighing itself along  
The air, as it seemed; and so thin, thin and bright,  
Looking as woven in a loom of light,  
That I have envied it, I have, and followed; —  
Oft watched the sea-bird's down blown o'er the wave,  
Now touching it, now spirited aloft,  
Now out of sight, now seen, — till in some bright fringe  
Of streamy foam, as in a cage, at last  
A playful death it dies, and mourned its death." — pp. 69, 70.

It is quite observable however, that the eye and touch in Bailey are so dominant, that the ear has but small chance to glean its share of pleasure. The allusions are but few and slight to music, though occasionally sweetly significant,

as where Helen prattles to her lute, (p. 282.) But he does not seem fully *alive*, as he is elsewhere, to the ineffable harmony which underlies and binds in concord all relations of existence. The profound mystery of sounds apparently has not been opened to him. And his saying, that

“the voice of great  
Or graceful thoughts is sweeter far than all  
Word-music,”

neither explains nor excuses his evident indifference to rhythm and melody in his verse. But his eye is marvelously all-seeing. Such comprehensiveness and accuracy, rapidity and depth of vision give glorious omen of what our bodily existence, when pure and perfect, will be. And his touch, whether passive to receive influences by contact or active in motion, is wondrously delicate and vigorous. He drinks in joy at every pore and thrills to his extremities. The heaving of billows, the rush of winds, the whirl of tempests, the floating of sunny clouds, the swoop of the eagle, the glancing lightness of the swallow, the swaying of branches, the plunge of floods, the wide-circling curves of worlds in their orbits, the ceaseless changes of movement in living things, do not outweary, but only fulfil the longing of this restless sense. He is all but winged, or upborne by the spirit. Take as an obvious instance of this his ride around the earth, pp. 101-112.

His faculty of “out-sight”—to borrow a word that felicitously expresses his quick instinct of observation—appears equally in relation to man and man’s doings. As a slight example take this:—

“Yon tall slim tree! does it not seem as made  
For its place there, a kind of natural maypole? —  
Beyond, the lighted stalls stored with the good  
Things of our childhood’s world, and behind them,  
The shouting showman and the clashing cymbal;  
The open doored cottages and blazing hearth,—  
The little ones running up with naked feet,  
And cake in either hand, to their mother’s lap, —  
Old and young laughing, schoolboys with their play-things,  
Clowns cracking jokes, and lasses with sly eyes,  
And the smile settling in their sunflecked cheeks,  
Like noon upon the mellow apricot.” — p. 112.

Again, this instant and infallible accuracy of perception appears in his style. His nouns and epithets have a more than daguerreotyped, fac-simile, Chinese copy, resemblance to the original. They are alive with meaning. He but describes his own habit of using language when he says so well, —

“ The dress of words,  
Like to the Roman girl's enticing garb,  
Should let the play of limb be seen through it,  
And the round, rising form. A mist of words,  
Like halos round the moon, though they enlarge  
The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less  
Doubly. It is the thought writ down we want,  
Not its effect — not likenesses of likenesses.  
And such descriptions are not, more than gloves  
Instead of hands to shake, enough for us.” —p. 283.

Yet more this trait appears in his exhaustless wealth of metaphor; and surely such magnificence of symbol has not been seen in any writer of our day. Like a king, he scatters “largesse” of exquisite coins and medallions on every side as he rides out of his palace. Here indeed we pass beyond the *temperament* of the poet to his *intellect*. The artist is he who harmoniously and proportionately blends perception and imagination; who sees and feels how earth and heaven, matter and spirit, are forever newly married with the wedding ring of beauty. To lively senses the poet adds the awful consciousness of the symbolic, of unity in variety. And in Festus Bailey this is fully done. He knows that he is dwelling in a temple, where, from the pavement to the dome, every mosaic, curtain, rafter, column is stamped with the image of the Infinite God. Correspondencies do not delight his *fancy*, they overflow his spirit by their grandeur and unfathomable significance. To him God, man, nature are mystically analogous to one another. He has powerfully described this sublime experience, that to the poet the universe is but one endlessly diversified image of the Infinite in the finite, by saying,

“ All things talked thoughts to him. The sea went mad,  
And the wind whined as 't were in pain, to shew  
Each one his meaning; and the awful sun  
Thundered his thoughts into him; and at night

The stars would whisper theirs, the moon sigh hers.  
 The spirit speaks all tongues and understands;  
 Both God's and angel's, man's and all dumb things,  
 Down to an insect's inarticulate hum  
 And an inaudible organ. And it was  
 The spirit spake to him of everything;  
 And with the moony eyes like those we see,  
 Thousands on thousands, crowding air in dreams,  
 Looked into him its mighty meanings, till  
 He felt the power fulfil him, as a cloud  
 In every fibre feels the forming wind." — pp. 254, 255.

Would that we had time to extract a few of his startlingly fresh and brilliant images; but every line surprises one by rich allusion, as in fairy land one might find under each stone a buried treasure. In wonderful transmutation, at his bidding, all brutal, vegetable semblances resume their higher form of human affections, and pass sublimed into heaven, as angels of God. He rightly says,

" Without faith,  
 Illimitable faith,       \*       \*       \*  
 \*       \*       \*       in God, no bard can be.  
*All things are signs of other and of nature.*  
 It is at night we see heaven moveth, and  
 A darkness thick with suns. The thoughts we think  
 Subsist the same in God as stars in heaven." — p. 257.

But we are dwelling too long on the mere nature of the poet, and must pass to deeper impressions. And at once we are made aware of the youthfulness and of the premature wisdom of this poem. It is a very paradise of youth, rank, wild, exuberant; its airs laden with perfume, its meadows tangled with flowers, its groves weighed down with fruit; where the dancing seasons whirl so swiftly, that spring crowns winter with her wreath of buds. A fuller expression was never given of that untamed, heroic age, when the universe discloses its secrets to the charm of unsated, unbroken hope; when the drama of humanity opens scene beyond scene of its majestic spectacle, and romance after romance, each more brilliant than the other in attire, more bewildering in masquerade, more piquant in pantomime, crowds upon the stage; when with brain illuminated by waking visions, more bright than opium dreams, the youth feels born to be a king, a meet companion for



angels, a name among the nations, an unexhausted influence of good to renovate the earth. The sound, full-breathing lungs, the elastic muscles, the buoyant spring of tireless limbs, the sense of overflowing life, dashing through dangers, scaling all barriers, unconscious of peril, heedless of failure, inspire each page. How glossy with newness every thought; how full of oxygen its spirits; how unabashed its aspiration and conjecture; how at home in the world it is, as heir apparent in the Father's palace. This book indeed reveals

"the mind of youth  
In strengths and failings, in its overcomings,  
And in its short comings; the kingly ends,  
The universalizing heart of youth;  
Its love of power, heed not how had, although  
With surety of self-ruin at the end." — p. 277.

And yet this joyousness is but a lingering sweetness in the garments, and a fast fainting echo of a Paradise Lost. For brooding, damp melancholy obscures already waste deserts of ennui. Youth is sad oftentimes from finding no outlet for its energies, when pent-up passions stagnate; and yet nobler youth is sadder at the shuddering consciousness of contrast between its Olympic ideal and the pigmy seeming facts of common life; but Festus, alas! is sad from sin.

We would read with tenderest delicacy this

"tear-blistered letter,  
Which holdeth fruit and proof of deeper feeling  
Than the poor pen can utter, or the eye  
Discover," — (p. 250)

this study of his life, this diary; and yet how avoid mention of what is *most central* in the book. Youth should garner and invest, — to speak in the language of our business age, — not prodigally expend Heaven's legacy of feeling. The spendthrift becomes a beggar; the voluptuary a cynic; the sentimentalist a misanthrope. Only he who uses affection gratefully, as a trust, is ever freshly inspired with the overflowing bounty of goodness. We should not be proudly exclusive, not arrogantly lonely; but should tolerate, forbear, sacrifice, share unweariedly, however tame, disgusting, stupid, seem the half-waked beings round us. It

is by incarnating in reverential, courteous, gentle deeds, these angel hopes and visions, not by contemplations and self-concentered raptures, that youth matures into symmetric godliness of manhood. Dear Festus! did not thy after sins grow out of *friendlessness*? Do we break the crystal partitions of respect, which guard spirits from spirits, in speaking thus? If so, pardon!

But dost thou say,

“My virtue is indulgence, I was born  
To gratify myself unboundedly;  
So that I wronged none else.” — p. 243.

Hast thou not wronged *thyself*, and so wronged others, by not believing, what all tradition teaches, that strength is proved, as the world now is, by self-denial, and that dignity is now kept only by decorum? That “poor, trite thing called moderation” is, in this winter of man’s existence, the husk to guard the flower from blight. We are “members one of another;” and *conscience* (Con-Science) means a corresponding knowledge of duty with others, a law of right reflected in society from the great central light of law in God’s essential love. Unchecked impulse can be beautiful, only when all around us and when we ourselves are retransformed into God’s likeness, and when by pervading inspiration of the Divine life innumerable varieties of character are harmonized in one grand concert of thanksgiving. The way to that *transfiguration* is by perfect obedience, not by lawlessness. Man will be man when “earth shall come of age;” and then in a universal chorus of “Gloria in excelsis” the freest voice shall be sweetest. But bear humbly thy limitations *now*. So only can any mortal as yet be pure, and without purity we are open sport to the legion of devils. God’s spirit deserts the tabernacle, when from our drunken cups we spill our lusts upon his temple-floor.

And by this sadness over the undenied, the openly avowed fact, that such a noble nature as Festus has stooped to folly and meanness, and has been selfish, where any one deserving the name of man should be only, always and forever generous, we are led to yet deeper impressions of this wonderful poem. Inexpressibly touching are the words, so dreadfully true as we feel them to be, of the original,

"Yet with as kind a heart as ever beat,  
 He was no sooner made than marred. Though young,  
 He wrote amid the ruins of his heart;  
 They were his throne and theme; — *like some lone king,*  
*Who tells the story of the land he lost,*  
*And how he lost it."*

\* \* \* \* \*

"Nor did he think enough, till it was over,  
 How bright a thing he was breaking, or he would  
 Surely have shunned it, nor have let his life  
 Be pulled to pieces like a rose by a child." — pp. 250, 251.

This impetuous, proud, splendid boy was indeed tempted by Lucifer. The great adversary was no picture, but a tremendous reality to him. And the theology which fills this poem, is like a crucifix that has been pressed to the bosom till it is bloody. The whole book is a struggle for salvation, of one who felt himself to be a chosen minister,

"Whose firmest prop and highest meaning was  
 The hope of serving God as poet-priest;" — p. 8.

who might have been a "sun-mind" to

"Have warmed the world  
 To love and worship and bright life;" — p. 31.

and yet upon whom "the insipidity of innocence had palled," and who had basely bowed

To make *his young heart's track upon the first,*  
*And snow-like fall of feeling* which o'erspreads  
 The bosom of the youthful maiden's mind;" — p. 50.

and in just recompense whose heart "had broken inwards, to its central hell."

"Dark, wretched thoughts, like ice-isles in a stream,  
 Choke up his mind and clash; — and to no end.  
 There comes this question, over and over again,  
 Driven into the brain as a pile is driven —  
 What shall become of us hereafter." — p. 369.

"Like snow, which lies  
 Down-wreathed round the lips of some black pit,  
 Thoughts which obscure the truth accumulate,  
 And those which solve it, in it lose themselves." — p. 370.

He will spell out the hieroglyphic of *Evil*, not, scholastically calm, by the peat fire of buried dogmas, but, with agony of spirit, by the dazzling conflagration of his own

temple of peace. "Thank God, he is a man, and no philosopher." And so the religion of this book becomes livingly interesting; and to ourselves we gladly admit most suggestive, and full of instruction.

Its theology is the most thorough-going, ultra Calvinism, which the world perhaps has ever heard uttered. Its logic is as exact as that of Edwards or Hopkins in this country, or that of Dr. Williams in England; and with all deference we should say, that it is far more exact. For its doctrine is simply this; — that all finite creatures, necessarily, as the opposites of Infinite perfection, sin; that their existence and their sin is for the manifestation, and as a part of the manifestation, of God's glory; that evil therefore is the Deity's appointed means of revealing his goodness, at once by contrast with it, and by redeeming, absorbing, transmuting, glorifying it; that God, by creating, pledges his mercy and love for all the consequences of creation; and that the consummation of all things therefore is forever and forever an ineffable blessedness. Grant the main doctrine of *necessity*, and where is the broken link in this golden chain which thus binds all worlds to heaven?

Festus is the boldest, most uncompromising advocate of the doctrine, that

"Nothing can be antagonist to God." — p. 13.

To him

"Free will is but necessity in play,—  
*The clattering of the golden reins which guide*  
*The thunder-footed coursers of the sun.*" — *ib.*

It is conclusive then, as he so strongly says, that

"He only hath free will, whose will is fate." — *ib.*

Again he is consistent in his avowed Pantheism, which runs like a vein of thought under his whole book, breaking here and there into light; or rather, like an ocean of air transparently enspheres it, and at seasons condensing into clouds, distils pure drops of meaning. He says that

"Life  
 Doth necessarily result from God,  
 As thought and outward action from ourselves.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

HE acts through all in all; the truth we know,  
 HE doth himself inbreathe." — pp. 10, 11.



It is interesting to see how Bailey thus responds to the prevalent philosophy of our age, at once in what is best and what is worst in it. He draws the same sublime moral which Spinoza, and all his long train of scholars who have known their own meaning, have drawn.

"Let each man think himself an act of God,  
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God,  
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,  
To show the most of Heaven he hath in him." — p. 11.

And he confesses to the same weakness in the *motive* for thus trying; for why do or attempt to do, what only God can do? Surely virtue is an absurd, inconsequential weakness. Heaven shall not "send temptation to our hearts in vain," p. 64. We will wring out the heart of the grand secret of Eternity, in his own appointed way, if so it must be, by *remorse*.

"My spirit is on edge. I can enjoy  
Nought which has not the honied sting of sin;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
That wanton whetting of the soul, which while  
It gives a finer, keener edge for pleasure,  
Wastes more and dulls the sooner." — p. 30.

In plain English, goodness is goodness; "God is the great Necessity, and he is good;" evil is delusive, a night, a frost; so fear nothing, you cannot get out of God; yield full swing to desire; trust to nature; all will and must be well; and to crown the arch with the capstone, hell is but heaven inverted, and the devil is Deity in shadow. It is well thus blankly to state the whole doctrine, which a straight-forward intellect must deduce from the doctrine of Necessity. If we adopted the premises of Festus, we certainly should acknowledge ourselves to be at once Trinitarians and Universalists; and should fully subscribe to the profoundly affecting statement,

"That God doth suffer for the sins of those  
Whom He hath made, that are liable to sin.  
In all of us He hath His agony;  
We are the cross, and death of God, and grave." — p. 11.

But while acknowledging with humblest awe the unsolved, the insolvable mystery of a created will, of a finite force, we unhesitatingly assert it to be the profoundest experi-

ence of life, that man does exist as a *person*; not a slave under the law of fate, which is the necessity of nature; not at one with God in the law of liberty, which is the necessary freedom of Divine love; but free to obey and to cooperate with the Spirit of holiness, free to aspire and receive of his fulness, and alas! free also to sink into the natural, the brutal, the far worse than brutal, and so become a devil incarnate. Above nature, beneath Heaven, man stands militant to reconquer a lost world from the fiends. As in a desperate Waterloo battle, every one should feel that his soul is the garden of Hougomont, upon the maintenance of which the fortunes of the day may turn; and so let him steadfastly say, 'I will not yield, nay, not one inch, oh Lucifer. God and good spirits help me. Amen.'

And now that we have through outworks and portcullis reached the very citadel of this fellow-mortal's soul, we would like much to enter deeply into his spirit. But there is space only to say, that Festus Bailey is of the grandest style of character. He is profoundly religious, not mawkishly, pulingly, but bravely pious. He is humane too in the largest sense. His heart beats with his race. The grand tide of love, which follows the sun around the earth in our generation, fills every bay and breaks in snowy billows on every beach of his large continent of thought. As a proof of it, read his glad hosanna over the redemption of the devils. He knows too that our passions are not to be driven like madmen with iron whips to under-ground dungeons, but to be led out into the air and sun, and cleansed and robed in white and crowned with flowers, and led up rejoicing to the temple of the universal Father. Indeed, this man is a prophet. No one in our day has hinted more of what the future will loudly declare. The scattered gleams of many thinkers gather to his hospitable palace, bearing torches to a common festival of hope. Let any one who would justify our assertion read, among other passages, the prayer which Festus offers on page 91. This man does *see*, does *speak the truth*, as few have ever dared to do. He does soar to the sun, although the two fiends of Voluptuousness and Arrogance do tear his Psyche wings, and stain his glory with their earthly slime. And although he too is sick with the slow fever of our time, which comes

from a thought far in advance of our action, the disease of subjectiveness and introspection, yet is he well enough to sit at the open casement, and breathe the fresh breezes of present inspirations. We rejoice to say he is a man of his own time and land.

And here we reluctantly leave, with the sense of having said nothing adequate, this revised vision of Heaven and Purgatory and Hell; this second edition of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*; this resurrection of *Faust* and *Mephistophiles*; and as we raise our eyes from this absorbing poem, we seem to see the shades of Dante, Milton, Goëthe, gathered to look down upon this foster-child of theirs, who has made it his boyish pastime to spin worlds for his marbles, and who with wasteful over-confidence of strength dares to follow their shining track, and climb from sun to sun as golden steps to the central throne. Half smiling, half stern, they regard him. Dante, whose massive face the sorrows of fifty years have seamed, as floods gully the mountain sides, in whose eyes profound griefs lie dark and still like lakes in extinct craters, holds aloft the roll of the *Commedia*, as if to say, "Oh, youth of twenty summers, thou talkest of 'wise wretchedness!' My life-long mourning for my lady — my mismarriage, with its nameless blights — my battles, honors, exile, wanderings, poverty — my studies, prayers, and lonely contemplations at Santa Croce and Tolmino — my years of pent-up powers, — were the black, central orb which fed the fires of *this* sun of thought; and thou talkest of having 'suffered perfectly!' When thou hast bravely borne the trials of half a century, then dip thy pen again in the hoarded tears of a whole life, and write of Hell."

Milton, his long locks parted over rounded temples, like the curtains of a shrine, a benignant smile smoothing the lines of brow and cheek, like the sunset glow upon retiring storms, and with inward-looking gaze which turns to meet the rising morn of the spirit, waves his hand in benediction. "Sayest thou, oh little one, that 'the degree thou hast taken is high?' Years of classic study — travels and intercourse with noblest cotemporary minds — sacrifices of all life's prospects for conscience' sake among men who

'License meant, when they cried Liberty;'

aid of England's

' Chief of men, who through a cloud,  
Not of war only but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth his glorious way had ploughed ; '

the bating no jot of heart or hope when left alone in  
the dark world and wide, but

' Content, though blind, with soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, '

forming an Eden out of chaos ; — a life of consecration,  
oh Festus, taught me the skill to open the golden-hinged,  
harmonious gate of Heaven."

Then Goëthe, with unruffled robes about a kingly form,  
covering beneath calm self-possession and stately courtes-  
ousness his giant impulses, and with a glance of attic keen-  
ness penetrating all pretences, seems to raise a warning  
finger. "' Old Time' was bade to thee ' unclench his heart,  
and teach the book of ages.' Ah! my brave boy! old  
time will teach thee deeper wonders in this magnificent  
symbol of man's life upon earth. It is central heat under  
pressure, that converts lime-stone to marble, carbon to  
diamonds, and gases to gems. Wait; there will be many  
upheavals from thy nature yet. These early writings,  
mighty as their force is, are but sauri and mastodons.  
Not yet is thy blooming garden formed for godlike man to  
till and dwell in. Husband thy energies; concentrate  
them. Thou wouldst ' strike out a naked heart, a statued  
mind.' It may not be done; man's life is an embodiment  
of soul in beauty. Study Greece then and Grecian art;  
open thyself yet longer to Nature; learn to balance thy  
powers among the human interests of thy time and land;  
drill thy faculties in practical usefulness; learn to be as  
exact in details as large in scope; be humbler before the  
great deeds of the past, the greater tendencies of the  
present. Thou wilt know man better, when by long,  
patient, faithful self-renouncement among men, thou hast  
become more a Man."

Is the verdict just, which thy elder peers thus in imagin-  
ation pass upon thee, oh Festus? Is it not all but an  
irreparable loss and waste of life to have written such a  
book thus early? Should not this fire of passion, this



aroma of piety, have been separated — the firmament from the firmament — and between them a character humble and heroic, loveful and loving, gentle and strong, have been formed, like a habitable earth for all human affections? We *will* not believe thy prophetic announcement of thy purposes,—

“ After that, like the burning peak, he fell  
Into himself, and was missing ever after.” — p. 289.

Not so ! Thy slumbering volcano-heats shall diffuse themselves to ripen grapes in many a vineyard for happy hands to crush. After this earthquake of expression thou hast settled into action. Thou art *Barrister at Law*. Good. Thou needest such repose, and such diversion. A tame, drudging, worldly actualist, thou canst never be,— as well make Pegasus a draft-horse truly ; a visionary idealist, holding this world as a shadow and sham, pining for heaven before you have truly outlived earth, thou canst not be either, for flesh and blood, and will and thought are too energetic : then be a realist, whole-hearted, sound-headed, strong-handed in the present ; and as the sun and earth and the powers of the whole universe concentrate to perfect the fringe of the lowliest leaflet, and to ripen the tinniest seed, so be thy least act pregnant with a godlike greatness of devotion. Struggle for England's groaning masses like a hero ; set on high the true aristocrats of usefulness ; enthrone thy greatest on the throne of a reverent affection. Live the Poem thou hast tried to write. And so redeem Lucifer and his fallen hosts around thee, by being in thy look, tone, deeds, a Bearer of the Light, a Morning Star.

W. H. C.

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ART. VII.—REV. JONATHAN FARR.

For some twenty years last past, from time to time, the public have been favored with a succession of earnest, unpretending little works ; some containing only a few leaves, and some swelling into the size of books ; some with, and some without the name of the author. In all they amount to twenty-three or four. They are of various merit and on various subjects — the productions of a mind in some re-

spects singularly constituted and of a heart that beat in the right place. Some of them are pervaded with a quaint, quiet humor, and are conceived in almost a poetical spirit; some are plain even to bluntness; and some are written with a touching simplicity, from which passages might be quoted that move to tears. Their very titles are characteristic. They are "Gospel Temperance"—"Religious Curiosity"—"Religious Log Book,"—composed in an earnest religious tone. Then we have "Plain Letters on Important Subjects,"—plain enough, but not without a spice of shrewdness, good sense, and poetry. It is not every man that could sketch so accurately the petty annoyances which the system of proselytism and exclusion has left in many an united and peaceful family, and no mind which had not a dash of poetry could conceive of writing a letter to the venerable Dr. Watts and execute it so well. We have "First Pastoral Letter to the dear People of my Charge,"—just such an epistle as every minister should carry in his heart. Then there are "Sermons designed to teach plainly the Doctrines of the Gospel and earnestly to enforce the Precepts of Jesus Christ;" the touching sketches, "Trials of Mr. Loraine's Faith," "Mr. Loraine's Faith Examined and Changed," and "The Sunday School Teacher's Funeral;" "Counsels and Consolations;" "Family Prayers."

We said these productions are of various merit. They all have this merit;—they treat on subjects that at the time engrossed the public mind; they met the exact difficulty that was felt, and are exactly adapted to the class of plain, unlettered readers for whom they were intended. Some of them rise to a high degree of excellence. They contain touches of the truest simplicity and pathos. There are passages in "Mr. Loraine's Faith," his "Faith Examined and Changed," and the "Sunday School Teacher's Funeral," of extreme tenderness. We never read them without emotion. Those scenes in the old country church are a transcript of real scenes that occurred in more than one New England village thirty years ago. There were minds at that period, which in passing from the stern doctrines of Calvin to a more liberal faith went through a fearful struggle, and the transition awakened some of the deepest and most delightful emotions. It was as when men at once emerge from a cold, damp, and tangled forest, where a few fitful beams

steal, into broad and sunny fields. The imagination glows and the heart is touched by the change ; and all nature is robed anew. The skies are of a deeper blue, and the fields of a livelier green. So, again, that touching picture of the Sunday teacher's funeral. It is true and beautiful and tender. They who have lived long in a retired country village, who have shared in the feelings which prevail where every countenance, and every family history is familiar, and have witnessed the sensation there created by the death of the young, lovely and devoted, can appreciate its power. The doctrinal discourses, we know, gave relief to many for whom they were written ; and the "Counsels and Consolations" and "Family Prayers" we have more than once seen in remote farm-houses, laid upon the family Bible, to be read when the memory of the buried child came back afresh, or to be rehearsed at the family altar in the morning and evening sacrifice.

But whatever be the merit of these productions, the mind that conceived them has passed away from among us ; the hand that penned them moulders in the grave. On a fair afternoon the last summer, a funeral procession was seen winding its way to a secluded spot in a village graveyard, a circle of kindred and friends was drawn around the grave, and there, in the quiet hour, amid the serene aspects of nature, were committed to the earth the mortal remains of the author. But there were mourners who were not there. For their sakes, for the sake of those who would know more of one who deserves well of his brethren and friends, we propose to devote a few pages to such notices of him as we have been able to collect.

Rev. Jonathan Farr was a native of Harvard, born September 20, 1790. His parents were respectable, but poor ; and he enjoyed such opportunities only of early education as were afforded by a country school as it then was, and no better prospects of success in life than were found in the humblest mechanical employment. He was early sent to the trade of a shoemaker, and in this business continued to work until past his majority. With what skill he could manufacture a shoe is not known ; but it is remembered that he was then a lover of books, and possessed of a genial nature, was noted for that quaint humor, odd fancy, and downright honesty of purpose, which run so clearly through

his published works. As a shoemaker his prospects were not brilliant; and no doubt, as many in the same humble calling, more gifted than he, have done, he yearned for a higher and broader field of effort. But he honestly and faithfully labored in his employment through his appointed time. Among other places he worked in Ann Street in Boston. A few months before his death, for the first time, he again visited this ancient portion of our capital, and in a speech in the Seamen's Chapel, one evening, is said to have described with power and touching eloquence the physical and moral changes which he witnessed around him. He had seen poverty written on the doors of the dwellings, licentiousness and filth and rags stalking along the street; he now saw affluence and sobriety and comfort in all the habitations. A change had also passed over his own inward and outward life. He was then a raw country lad, verging into manhood, fresh from the freedom and fragrance of fields, touched with an ambition for intellectual and spiritual treasures; but denied, compelled by his necessity to bind himself to unintellectual pursuits — to breathe the unwholesome air of a shop in a crowded city, and to be the companion of rude, vicious men. He was there again, emancipated, with intellectual and moral tastes, a large circle of intelligent friends, and above all, with the consciousness that he had instructed, gratified and soothed many minds — had awakened interest and affection where he was personally unknown. Contrasts like these are oftener found than expressed. But whether expressed or not, they cause the current of grateful thought to flow more freely, and contribute their full share to fill the cup of pleasing remembrances.

Mr. Farr could not repress his desire of a liberal education; and the fact that he resolved to acquire one under circumstances which many would have regarded insurmountable, is proof enough that the desire was not faint and feeble. He was poor, without influential friends, in ill health, and advanced to a period of life when most young men have not only completed their academical education, but have entered on their profession. But by one so accustomed to self-denial all these obstacles were accounted as nothing. With him, to resolve was to execute. He placed himself under the care of Rev. Stephen Bemis,



minister of Harvard, and by him was prepared for Cambridge, where he was admitted in the large class of 1814.

His appearance at that time must have been strange enough to the young men who had come from the public schools, and were now to be his intimate associates through the four most important years of life. Almost twice their own age, with peculiar staidness and gravity of deportment, tall and gaunt in his form, unable from the emptiness of his purse and the scantiness of his wardrobe to improve an awkward exterior, he might at a first interview provoke a smile, but there was about him a straight-forwardness, a native shrewdness, a goodness of heart, that silenced the thoughtless tongue, and won respect and affection. He had now entered on a new scene of life, and circumstanced as he was — so advanced in life, in feeble health, with no aid or voice of encouragement from friends, with no pretensions to superior scholarship to compel attention and create friends — the attempt to pass through a regular course of study had something in it of rashness. But he felt he had that in him which was worth cultivating, and so he worked his way, we scarcely know how, through his College terms, and was graduated in the summer of 1818. This itself was no small achievement. The struggles of poor artists have become proverbial; the silent, uncomplaining sacrifices of the poor, ambitious student would form a chapter quite as affecting. The walls of old Harvard, if they could speak, would bear testimony to secret sufferings and a manly endurance with which no stranger can intermeddle.

From the College Mr. Farr passed to the Divinity School, having meanwhile been baptized and admitted to the church of the University by Dr. Kirkland; and his name appears, on the Catalogue, in the class which left that institution in 1821. He now entered on the duties of a profession which had been the crowning object of his ambition. But the pressure of poverty was still upon him. At a time when the great crisis of his life had come, when the ordeal of the world's opinion was to be passed, and the mind needed, if ever, composure and freedom from distracting care, he was harrassed by thoughts of the morrow — he was compelled to save and stint and starve. In a letter written a few weeks before his death, twenty-five years after the period

to which he refers, he incidentally alludes to the straits to which he was driven by his necessities. There is something touching in the account. The letter is one of acknowledgment for a present of writing paper and materials, which he had received from a friend. "I feel," he says, "rich in this large addition to my stationary. When I commenced writing sermons, I was so penniless that I went to a book-binder's and bought a lot of shreds of paper, which are torn out of the beginning and end of books while binding. On such many of my first sermons were written; and now I have half a ream of paper at a time! Think of that!" We have heard the young students and preachers from our Theological School charged with extravagance. They are supposed to live in ease and fare sumptuously every day. There are those whose imaginations picture them reclining on sofas, and penning their dainty thoughts on gilt and scented paper. There was one at least who did not greatly sin in this way.

Mr. Farr was never a popular preacher. His sermons were good and true and practical, written in a serious, fervent spirit; but lacking energy of manner, he ordinarily was not able to awaken much interest. We have heard him on occasions, when he spoke with a simple, fervid eloquence that touched all hearts; but he had not the requisite qualities for an orator. And so he was little sought by congregations in quest of a candidate for the ministry. His probation was long. The patriarch served seven years before he reared his family tent; our friend served nine years at the altar before he received a "call" and became the minister of a parish. In the meantime he preached from place to place — a Sabbath here and a month there. There was scarcely a country congregation that was not familiar with his person and voice. His life was literally a pilgrimage. But he toiled and travelled on with cheerfulness and good hope, and bore his lot meekly and patiently.

At length he received an invitation, and was ordained over the first parish in Gardner, Mass., December 9, 1830. Here he hoped to have found a resting-place. He set his house in order. He married, and laid wide his plans for a permanent abode and lasting usefulness. It is true, the parish was small in numbers and not rich in resources;

but his wants were few — and he loved to labor among simple, unlettered people. In his parochial relations he seems to have been faithful and devoted. He preached to them wholesome truths on the Sabbath, and was frequent among them on the week-day, and tasked his ability to do his work thoroughly and well. Some of his plans were quite original. He annually addressed to his flock words of counsel in the form of a general epistle, and having printed, distributed them from house to house. These are the “Pastoral Letters to the dear People of my Charge,” the primitive simplicity of whose titles is significant of the tender, affectionate spirit in which they are written.

But he had fallen on evil times, if not on evil tongues. The tie between pastor and people, once so sacred, had become the frailest of all mortal ties. And the connexion from which he promised himself so much of usefulness and happiness, continued but a little more than two years and a half. It was dissolved June 30, 1833; and he was again sent adrift upon the world — now with a young and dependent family, not knowing whither to direct his steps. There are those both among the ministry and the people, who indulge in loose notions on this subject, who talk lightly of severing a tie consecrated in all ages by the most solemn rites — once deemed among the most endearing and enduring relations. If there are not fidelity and sympathy and affection, let it be severed: the sooner, the better. But where these are found to exist, a separation is not to be thought of. It inflicts a positive injury; it interrupts the subtle current of association and feeling, on which the religious life so much depends; it costs a pang in many hearts which few events in a long life ever occasion. If our ministers would but reflect what power an established character gives to their words — if our people would but consider how much better able to serve them is he who has known them long and well, this would be one of the last of human ties ever severed. But we speak of times a dozen years ago. We are glad to believe that both ministers and people are returning to a more just appreciation of the relation between them.

Mr. Farr once more retired with his family to his native village, and embraced such precarious means of support as he could find. He again took up the pilgrim's staff, and

wherever there was a call to preach, he was always ready to stand in his lot. But from year to year younger men arose to take his place, and these calls were more and more infrequent. He preached however occasionally; and at the period of his last illness he was on the point of leaving his home for the temporary supply of a distant pulpit.

But, on the whole, his ministerial life must be regarded as a failure. The great object to which he had devoted his best days, for which he had struggled in poverty and loneliness and sickness, was never accomplished. The success which had shone like a radiant orb upon his hopes in the darkest night of his discouragement, he never reached. He failed in the great end of his life, and he felt that he had. As a minister he had never produced the impression upon the public which he coveted. He possessed a loving spirit, and would have established himself in the hearts of numerous parishioners and friends. He would have cemented the relation by years of faithful labors. He would have been followed to his grave by a mourning congregation, and gladly have slept the sleep of death in the midst of them.

But he had failed. He would have served in a welcoming pulpit — it was the throne to which his ambition aspired; but his services had been rejected, and in his failure there was a trial which they only know who are disappointed in long cherished plans. It was a trial which he keenly felt. It cast a shadow on his spirit. It was a dark period of his life. There was nothing more to hope, and many would have sat down in helpless despair. But it is the period which we contemplate with most of gratitude and admiration; for we behold in him an inward power which never till then was fully developed. He never yielded to outward discomfiture, but, instead, was aroused to renewed exertion. The more he failed without, the more he struggled for intellectual and spiritual attainments. It was the period of his intensest mental activity, his most disinterested devotion. Early and late he sat at his studies, and counted the moments lost which were not spent in the acquisition of knowledge. He reviewed his classical studies, and made no inconsiderable progress in modern languages. He went over again the field of theology and communed with the master spirits of sacred literature. He gathered around



him the authors of the earlier English age, and in some unfinished essays found among his manuscripts the spirit of Owen Feltham himself seems to have returned to dwell among us. "I am rarely from home," he writes, "any evening, and I am generally in my study Sabbath evenings. I am so now. I have attended church forenoon and afternoon. I have read the Bible in Hebrew, Greek, French, German, modern Greek, and English, and two chapters in Thomas à Kempis in Latin. I love to read the Bible in the original and in its various translations. It is a wonderful, a blessed book. I have read some of the sacred books of the Hindoos, and the Koran: I prefer the Gospels to them. I have read some of the ancient philosophers; but the writings of the Evangelists contain excellences which these sages appear manifestly to want. The Epistles of Cicero and Pliny are not like those of Paul, James, John, Peter and Jude. I have read most of the Greek and Latin poets whose works have come down to us, but in my estimation the Hebrew poets infinitely surpass them. I have been reading the Psalms and Proverbs to day; Anacreon and Horace to me would have been a poor substitute for them."—We add one short extract more. The remarks at least are shrewd. "The short chapters are generally read oftenest. There are not a few Christians who select the short chapters to read at family prayers. Had Paul's chapter on charity contained fifty verses, it would not have been sought and read, I fear, half so often as it is. I would inform my readers that the long chapters in holy Writ, as well as the short ones, are worthy of attention."

Carlyle has said, that to be a man, one must have "fire in him to burn up somewhat of the sins of the world, of the miseries and errors of the world: why else is he there?" So thought and wrote Mr. Farr. He knew that he must not live for himself; and if he had failed in one way, he was to toil on in another for the world's welfare; else why was he here? "I do believe," he writes, "in the existence of a holy and just God, in a watchful and righteous providence, and in a state of future retribution. The cause of humanity, benevolence, virtue and piety is that which I espouse. I will defend it, by the aid of Heaven, by my tongue, my pen, my example. My sympathies and influence shall be with virtue. If I can gain access to the minds of

others, the opportunity shall be employed to make their hearts better." And so he worked on, when to our apprehension he had nothing to do, harder than most of us. He was the sole instructor of his older children. He heard their lessons — so covetous was he of his time — while he attended to the duties of the toilet ; and so faithful was he in this, that they became adepts in languages at quite an early age. He wrote incessantly, and all the great moral movements of the day he aided by his tongue, his pen, or his example. He gathered about him a class of youth in the Sunday school, he spoke in temperance meetings, he wrote with all his heart against the abominations of slavery. There was not a subject which interested the public, that did not pass through his mind and in some way employ his hand. And considerable as was the amount which he published, he projected still more. His mind was constantly at work, and the plans of unfinished productions which he left — now a volume of essays, now his thoughts on various subjects, and now a touching tale — are almost without number. "My time for musing and meditation," he says, "is the night, after I have laid my head upon my pillow. Going to bed and falling to sleep are not simultaneous acts with me. Many a monk has fewer vigils than I. From my childhood, it has been difficult for me to go to sleep. In the early part of my life, spectres, ghosts, dreams, death-watches, and nightmare, kept me wakeful, till nature triumphed over superstition. When I came to manhood, I had got rid of these bed-fellows, but others stole into their place. Studies, weariness, cares, pains, ruminations on the past, anxiety about the future, kept me sleepless. It is so even now. I fear not apparitions, I seldom dream ; but Morpheus comes always with tardy steps to close my eyes. How often have I wished that one of Julius Cæsar's amanuenses could sit by my bed, to give my night musings a visible and durable form ! My night thoughts, like my dreams, are so dissipated by the returning light, that it is impossible to record them. There are some things which my memory holds with a giant grasp, but most things pass through my mind with such railroad speed that they leave me weaker, but not wiser."

With this extract we close. Mr Farr was arrested in the midst of his busy thoughts and ripening plans. The

curtains of a longer night gathered around — a dreamless sleep fell upon him. He passed away to that world whose dawning light will not dissipate, but give surpassing distinctness to every good thought and right purpose — where

The tide of intellect flows clear,  
Strong, full, unchanging, and refined.

He died in Harvard, of a rapid consumption, June 14, 1845, aged 53. He died, having worked faithfully and well, and done somewhat to "burn up the sins, the errors and miseries of the world." We do not claim for him power or brilliancy of talents, or affirm that his works will long survive him. But we do claim that he felt deeply and spoke honestly what was in him; and when we add that he spoke to the wants of a class of his fellow-men and touched a chord in their hearts, we give no small praise. It was all he claimed to desire for himself.

A. H.

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ART. VIII.—MRS. DANA'S LETTERS.\*

ALTHOUGH numerous female Unitarians have adorned some of the fairest and most instructive walks of literature, yet we remember but few, who have ventured to grapple with the sturdy weapons of polemical theology and biblical criticism. Hannah Adams, in her "Letters on the Gospels," throws abundance of critical light on the pages of the New Testament, but contributes little to the stores of strictly Unitarian interpretation, except by those methods of indirectness and implication, which inevitably lead to such a result, whenever an enlightened criticism of any kind is applied to the Bible. Harriet Martineau, in her theological prize Essays, establishes the leading truths of Unitarian Christianity upon impregnable grounds, but relies for the purpose principally on general considerations and popular argument, instead of an array or an examination of Scriptural texts. Joanna Baillie, in an admirable little

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\* *Letters addressed to Relatives and Friends, chiefly in reply to Arguments in support of the Doctrine of the Trinity.* By MARY S. B. DANA, Author of 'The Southern and Northern Harps,' 'The Parted Family,' etc. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 318.

treatise published a few years since, sets the question between the Trinitarians and Arians, as appears to us, at a final rest. To these names, eminent as they are, is now without hesitation to be added that of Mary S. B. Dana, whose deeply affecting history, and very remarkable book under review, must stamp a memorable epoch in the progress of a cause, which seems destined, like some tree of God, to make growth against the pressure and opposition of every element.

Unitarian Christianity has achieved much for woman. It has come to fortify her, precisely in those departments of her constitution, which expose her to her greatest dangers; while at the same time it possesses resources which amply respond to the religious tenderness and generosity of her nature. Under other systems, the voice of usurped authority has found in woman a too unquestioning and unresisting subject; she has yielded submissively to arrogant pretension; she has trembled slavishly before unwarranted denunciation; she has surrendered her imagination and her affections to theatrical, fantastic, imposing forms, or extreme principles, of religion; she has prostrated her faculties in helpless despair before perplexing doctrines, which forbade and condemned the very use of her reason; she has listened to too predominant exhibitions of the terrific, until distraction and suicide have hastened to close the scene. In these circumstances, the female nature has almost cried aloud instinctively for aid, and has found it more than anywhere else in the genius of Unitarian Christianity. There is a modesty and fairness in the very manner by which Unitarianism asserts its authority over the mind, which not only appeals to woman's delicate sympathy, but at once raises her from the dust, and awakens her to the fact of her own significance. It bids her to be calm—to reflect—to receive a revelation through the medium of her reason, as well as of her imagination and affections.

Yet whilst this system presents just enough of poise and negation to restore woman to her lost equilibrium, it retains, as we have hinted, sufficient positiveness and warmth to satisfy the demands of her earnestly religious constitution. It gives her, in the Eternal Father of spirits, an object of profound adoration, combining in himself



whatever glorious, awful, and endearing attributes or agencies can possibly be ascribed to the Trinity of the middle ages; while, by demonstrating the singleness and simplicity of his being, it quiets her harrowed faculties, fixes her distracted vision, and raises her faith from a state of helpless and abject prostration to a serene, enlightened, and confiding repose. In the innocent babe upon her knee, she no longer beholds a mass of total depravity, a viperous enemy of God, a vessel of eternal wrath and torment — but a hopeful subject of the kingdom of heaven, whose immortal powers are in part to be unfolded by her own prayerful vigilance and faithful exertions. In the Scriptural view of the Atonement which she is now called upon to adopt, she is not bewildered by the dramatic representation of one Divine being possessing all the justice, and another all the mercy; nor is she baffled by the contradictions which incessantly spring up between the alleged necessity that a Divine being should be sacrificed, and the allowed impossibility that he could die, coupled with the freshly puzzling fact that after all only a human being endured the sacrifice required. She rather sees in the Atonement a great scheme of reconciliation — a series of healing and restoring influences, contemplated from eternity by a God whose justice and mercy well knew how to temper and co-exist with each other, and at length introduced by the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world — a scheme, thus truly worthy to be illustrated, and even prefigured, by the types and shadows of the Mosaic dispensation. In her prospect of the retributions of futurity, her imagination is no longer either pampered or revolted by presentments too over-powering for human nature; but it is wholesomely stimulated by that solemn indistinctness, yet awakening certainty of result, — the heaven of happiness and progress all above her, the hell of darkness and misery all below her, — which are everywhere characteristic of the moral government of God. In Jesus Christ, as presented by the same system, the chief among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely, the chosen of the Father from the bosom of a past eternity, she recognises the link which unites the human and Divine — the realized ideal of her most exalted imaginings — the perfect archetype of her purely aspiring affections. While the perplex-

ing metaphysics of a falsely styled orthodoxy had taken away her Lord, and buried his identity in a mass of contradiction and mystery, Unitarian Christianity has restored him to her in his original proportions; it has rescued from artificial clouds and darkness the great subject of the New Testament biography; she can now venture to approach him again as a being whose heart beats in unison with her own — to bathe his feet with her tears, and to wipe them with the hair of her head.

Accordingly, woman in return has effected much for Unitarian Christianity. In the critical transition-period, when a change was in progress from a complicated and humanly devised to a purer and simpler faith — when the spirit of reform was necessarily more or less analytical, negative, and defensive — when charges of coldness and unbelief rang from all the camps of Orthodoxy, — woman was found ready, in a full-proportioned representation, to partake of the enlightening process. She perceived, by her characteristic intuition, much that was positive and profoundly religious in the system that was unfolding anew, and she acted upon it by anticipation. The moment that Unitarianism respected, appealed to, and convinced her understanding, she accepted it with all its consequences — discerning and despising the hollowness of the spasmodic outcry raised against it. The Divine authority of Jesus and his religion she at once and honestly felt could be no cold negation, no isolated or empty fact, no dictate of infidelity or deism; but, from the very terms of the question, a principle deep as the wants, lofty as the hopes, and wide as the workings of the human soul. Therefore it has been, that in the darkest and most laborious periods of his career, the Unitarian reformer has been invariably cheered and supported by her countenance and adhesion. Part of his reproach her manifest faith and piety have turned away, and the rest she has cheerfully borne along with him. When, with an anxious heart, he has first spread the table of his Master, and invited the guests to come, she, if few or none else, was near, to partake of the speaking memorials. How often, in the hour of death, has her deliberate testimony and ripe preparation put to silence and shame the solemn but silly proverb, so widely circulated, that Unitarianism is a poor religion to die by! How often, in

the battle of life, has she sustained with a heavenly composure the lowering odium of excited communities! And how often have her quiet smile and pungent remark refuted the extravagant dogmas, or retorted the menacing artillery of bigotry and fanaticism! With her "willing hands" she has toiled to uphold and adorn the ark of her faith, as it rose amidst sad discouragements and difficulties; and even now, wherever that faith, no longer struggling and militant, has become triumphant and commanding, many of its golden fruits, its spontaneous emanations, are started into life, or carried into large effect, by her fostering and benignant enterprise. Religious charities and amenities spring up all around her home; while the missionary, supported by her exertions and bounties, transplants to the distant wilderness the truths and principles which her experience assures her are from above. It is unquestionably the peculiar blessing of every Unitarian minister in the land, that he can gratefully point to the female portion of his congregation, as unsurpassed for intelligence, refinement, virtue, and attachment to religious institutions.

Thus has woman brought many a fragrant flower and heart-prompted sacrifice to load the altar of Unitarian Christianity; — which she will do again and again in all coming years. But it was reserved, we believe, for the fair author under review, as the representative of her sex, to grasp in addition the rugged strength of the altar's very horns! Full, herself, of all feminine sensitiveness, keenly alive to every religious responsibility, child-like and humble, — as indeed she must necessarily be in yielding to the evident conclusions of reason, the most truly humble of our faculties, — weeping at the severance of endeared associations, and wounded and crushed that she was compelled to offend the surprised affections of her friends, she has encountered and mastered the chief posts of the Unitarian controversy — resolved its difficulties — seized the prominent points of its varied learning — wielded its arguments often with a new grace and effect, — and fought her way, through tears and tremblings, yet with a talent and independent vigor usually called masculine, to the free, serene, and joy-inspiring elevation of the rational and liberal Christian.

The peculiar circumstances of Mrs. Dana's case render

her conversion to these principles the more striking, and exhibit a fresh testimony to the truth and power of Unitarianism, as well as a signal encouragement to its advocates. The daughter of a highly respected and influential Orthodox clergyman of South Carolina, who is connected, however, at present with no particular charge, she was nurtured in the very arms of Calvinism, and rocked into growth upon its exclusive lap. Her entire education and associations have combined with the circumstance of her birth, to represent her early religion as the only true form of Christianity, and Unitarianism as one of its most deadly disfigurements and corruptions. For several years past, indeed, her heart and sense have rebelled against some of the most glaring moral extravagances of the (so called) orthodox creed. Yet, like thousands of others, she fondly flattered herself that there must be some secret elastic spring, some blessed chemistry of the mind, to reconcile the iron impositions of the church with the irresistible dictates of reason and conscience and nature. A number of successful publications, founded on the doctrinal basis of a mild Calvinism, or a spiritual Arminianism, have within a few years proceeded from her pen, and found favor in a wide circle throughout the United States. Thus every selfish and every social motive — pride of family, pride of consistency, natural affection, covenant-obligation, friendship, interest, reputation, repose, the consciousness, so sweet to self-love and pride and indolence, that the majority is on one's side — all seemed to unite in resisting the great change to which her stronger honesty and love of truth at length constrained her. It is now scarcely a year since her actively inquiring mind, stimulated by a sacred and generous curiosity, determined to know for itself the precise character of Unitarian Christianity, and the weakness or strength of the arguments which connect it with the teachings of Scripture. The lives of its votaries told her one thing; her hereditary prejudices and surrounding connections told her another. With the Bible in her hand as the chief guide in her new line of investigation, aided by some treatises procured from Unitarians, the first perusal of the Gospel of St. John sealed her better fate. A chaos of clouds, doubts, difficulties, and sorrows, that had been brooding darkly over her spirit since her entrance on the years of discretion, began to be lifted



up and to disperse away. Her book itself must eloquently relate the remainder of her agitating experiences.

The occasion of its composition and publication requires a few remarks. As soon as her views assumed a substantive form, she entered upon a correspondence with her beloved and venerated parents,—and this commences the work. The letters between herself and her father constitute a new chapter in ecclesiastical, and even in literary history. The mutual position of the parties, together with the nature and manner of the correspondence, produces in the reader at times something like an intensely dramatic interest. It is one of those cases, (in fact the whole book is one,) in which truth is more exciting than fiction. The father and the daughter appear nobly worthy of each other. Although extracts only are given from his letters, yet we judge from them that he must have acted a kind, delicate, and dignified part throughout. Evidently chagrined and grieved at the cause of the correspondence, and manifesting considerable prejudice against Unitarianism, he yet mingles with his arguments, which by the way he conducts with talent and acuteness, no contumelious reproaches, nor frown of overbearing authority. In the mean time, the event having soon taken air, other letters, of a far different character, poured in upon her from various quarters. The arguments and considerations urged in them were so frequently repeated by different correspondents, the letters themselves were so numerous, reports of so wild a character were spread abroad, and her case was made, in some lectures she was invited to attend, so special and personal a theme of pulpit discussion, that it became out of the question for her to answer everything in detail. For a while, the hunted deer stood at bay. At the risk of seeming obstinacy and discourteousness, a forbearing silence was preserved towards most of her correspondents and friends. At length, overruling the objections of her father to an early exhibition of her views, she felt compelled, out of respect for herself and her opponents, to take some public notice of their appeals. The felicitous idea was entertained of answering them all together in a single publication. The author's prominent position in her social sphere, the additional prominence forced upon her by her new circumstances, together with her having already been accustomed to the public eye,

rendered this the most natural and appropriate course to be pursued.

Neither the names nor the letters of her correspondents appear in the work, but only such extracts as touch the pith of the controversy, and seem to require an emphatic reply — so that no parties can complain of a personal exposure. It might be unfair to criticise these extracts, and to rebuke much in them which appears to us exceptionable. The author herself indeed has performed the task in a spirit at once lovely and lofty, with now and then a touch of that quiet humor, which, in perfect accordance with the workings of nature, often springs up from an injured and aching heart. But one remark we cannot forbear. It seems never to have occurred to these letter-writers, the professed friends of Mrs. Dana, that her own motives and situation, erroneous as might have been the results of her inquiries, were worthy of all tender sympathy and generous admiration. While these friends constantly aim to move her from her course by exciting her pity for her family, why should they not recollect that there are two parties to that question? Why no indication of compassion for the noble woman, whose honest love of truth impelled her through mental struggles and sacrifices, such as few of her sex are ever called to endure? May Heaven preserve Christians of every name from that narrowness and blindness, which would seem to exclude the ordinary flowings of human sympathy!

We hope and believe that the book, when perused by Mrs. Dana's correspondents and acquaintances, will infuse a happier feeling, and impart light and satisfaction on many points, respecting which they are now groping in misconception, disappointment, and uncharitableness. We take the liberty also to recommend it to the whole religious, and more especially the Unitarian public. Our preceding remarks will have sufficiently evinced that it must be far other than a volume of mere criticism and controversy. It presents, generally speaking, besides the deep personal interest everywhere awakened, a series of spirited essays on the most important subjects that can attract the religious inquirer. The tone and style rise as we advance from letter to letter. The writer appears to become more impressed with the grandeur and security of her position, and more familiar with its resources of defence. We have been

inclined to marvel how a lady, whose education and life had been steeped in the popular theology, should, in the course of a single winter, so thoroughly imbibe the habitual breath of Unitarian Christianity — argue in the tone of its veteran advocates — seem ready with its abstrusest criticisms and indoctrinated in its broadest views — and shake off, with so much ease, the force of the few proof-texts that have been stereotyped as impregnable on the opposite side. Months appear in this case to have performed the usual work of years. But the phenomenon perhaps may be explained by recollecting her habits of literary labor and research; her evident powers of generalizing;\* her mental flexibility, as evinced by various poetical, prose, and musical publications; the change that her contemplative mind had already wrought for itself from Calvinism to Arminianism; the ardency of temperament which glows out from many parts of her book; the more than common talents which her correspondents allow her to possess; and the double hours of toil, which, from some expressions in the Letters, she seems, in this great business of her soul, to have eagerly undertaken. However this may be, she will be found worthy to take honorable rank with the Worcesters, the Eddys, the Jacob Nortons, the Wilsons, the Folsoms, the Pitkins, the Forsters, and others of her countrymen, who, during the last thirty years, have straitly preceded her in her change of faith, and published the processes and results of their inquiries to the world. Let her speculations be set by the side of that mystical, inconsequent production — the “Morning Watches” — of the otherwise highly gifted Fredrika Bremer, and the comparison, with every unprejudiced mind, will be immensely in favor of the American woman.

Those portions of the book which are peculiarly and necessarily controversial, may possibly be more required in the vicinity of the author's residence, than in that of the place of its publication. Yet even in the latter neighborhood we bespeak for the entire work a generous interest

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\* A happy instance of this faculty is presented in Letter XIX, where she demonstrates to an anxious friend, that her change of speculative faith has by no means impaired the main principles, which she had advanced with prominence in the most popular of her publications, and on which she had relied for comfort and support in her former trials and sorrows.

and patronage. There have existed in certain quarters for many years rather a morbid dread and distaste for biblical controversy. The exclamation was too frequent, — why continue the agitation of questions, which have been settled again and again? But it should be remembered, that a great majority of the Christian world are still in an antagonist position to Unitarians; the questions have *not* yet been settled for *them*; they still blindly persist in advancing the texts and arguments that have been so often explained and refuted. Nor has discussion yet proceeded so far among even enlightened scholars on both sides of the great question, as to leave no room for future concessions, or enable them to decide on what points they must never expect to agree. Until this desirable end is attained, we must consent to be taxed with controversy and all its inconveniences. We must hope that the spirit of it will grow milder and milder, that men will study the Scriptures together as they study botany, in mutual harmony — that the *odium theologicum* will recede into increasing distance, and that the ground of contest will grow narrower and narrower. New Stuarts will arise to annihilate with a sarcasm the argument founded on "Let us make man in our image," and new Emersons to declare that he must be a fool or a knave, who should allege, in defence of the Trinity, the words "I and my Father are one." In favor of these discussions it may also be urged, that the youthful portion of our denomination, who have entered upon life since their fathers settled the great difficulties for themselves, need being enlightened on the principles of criticism and modes of reasoning which have severed them from the rest of Christendom, and placed them, as we believe, in advance of it.

We have therefore been gratified in perceiving that within a few years past something of a healthy reaction in this respect has taken place, and that several new works of a very instructive character on the Unitarian controversy have been favorably received. It is a symptom of life, though not, it may be, the highest life. We predict a similar favor for the present publication, combining the same sort of instruction as the others, with the attractive interest of personal biography, at times equalling that of romance. It seems, for instance, to draw truth down from



the domain of the abstract and argumentative into that of home-felt reality, when we not only witness the process of conviction going on in the mind of the reasoner, but see her at the same time experiencing the first impulses of awakening doubt while she attends her bible-class; or, amidst her wondering companions in the singing-seats of her native church, declining to join in the doxology; or rising at four in the morning to answer the letters of her revered father; or approaching the solemn determination, that she will without delay begin to attend on Unitarian preaching; or harrassed with epistles from every part of the country, which only put her opinions to new tests, and give occasion to her faith and intellect and charity for higher triumphs. Her book is not only a defence of Unitarian Christianity, but it is Unitarian Christianity itself in beautiful life and action. Pressed with many sorts of provocations, the writer never loses her balance, but mingles a high spirit and a meek temper together, to a degree that is seldom seen. With confidence we commend her *Letters* to those Trinitarians, in whom an exclusive frame of mind has not entirely extinguished a liberal curiosity and a love of independent inquiry. Whether they relinquish or continue in their present faith, they will here learn the right mode of doing either.

Few, if any, special animadversions occur to us, as we scrutinize the work with the eyes of impartial criticism. No doubt it might have been improved by some compression, and some slight modification of arrangement; but then it would have lost the charm and life of letters thrown off at a heat, besides being incompatible with the urgent circumstances of its publication. If, on some future occasion, when her mighty doctrinal battles shall all have been fought, and served their full purposes, the author shall feel inclined to gratify the opponents of controversy above described, and publish an abridged edition without the more purely critical and polemical parts, she might present them with one of the most popular and interesting books of the day. But whether such a process could be found practicable, and whether the viand would not lose much of its flavor by such an extraction of the bones, we are disposed to doubt.

Perhaps the author has laid a more exclusive stress than

we should have done on that point of interpretation, which applies the word *God* to Jesus in an inferior sense. Such an interpretation, we allow, is in harmony with certain Scriptural and Oriental usages, and is even fortified by our Saviour's own authority in a particular case.\* It may be fairly adopted at any time as one alternative to the revolting perplexities of Trinitarianism. Persons, who are just fresh from the meshes of that system, where they have been tormented into conscious Tritheism by the ascription of supreme divinity to three separate agents, are apt to find relief in a method of explication which authorises a lower sense for the term in question. But we apprehend that in most of those passages where Divine titles, attributes, and agencies are ascribed to Jesus, the more natural and obvious method, as well as more conformable to the general usages of Scripture and the genius of the Hebrew piety, is, to accept them in their very highest signification. If Moses saw his Creator in the burning bush; if the patriarchs adored him in two, and sometimes three angel-travellers; if the prophets, by a sublime impersonation, often represented *themselves* as the Deity;† and if the whole Israelitish nation acknowledged him in the Shekinah of the tabernacle, — well might the Apostles, Evangelists, and other early disciples have similarly recognised him in the person of his own perfect and anointed Messiah. In this forcible Orientalism, which, by a quick imagination, identified the medium of manifestation with the being who was manifested, they did but express the hereditary, traditional tendency of their nation. The same mental habitude was illustrated by their kindred of Samaria, who exclaimed as they followed Simon, "This man is the great power of God." Stronger still to the same purport is the language of the inhabitants of Nain, (Luke vii. 16,) "That a great prophet is risen up among us; and, That God hath visited his people." Here, by a plain Hebrew parallelism, the fact in the first clause of the quotation is identified with the fact in the last. Well and easily, therefore, may the enlightened Unitarian, the thoughtful, inductive student of the Scriptures, who

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\* John x. 35.

† Isaiah x. 6. Hosea, chaps. vii. and xiv. Also, particularly, Deut. chap. xi. and xxix. 1 — 6, where Moses interchanges his own person and that of the Deity in a manner as remarkable as ever Jesus employed for himself, or his Apostles for him.

has long habitually felt the immediate impress of divinity on every part of the religion of Jesus, adopt an analogous acceptance of the passages under consideration. Everywhere and forever, with St. Paul, he sees and worships "God in Christ" — the Divine power, in its depository, its moral depository, too, of humanity! Readily, with St. Thomas, in this Scriptural sense, does he acknowledge in his Master, who walks from the grave in the sole might of Jehovah, his Lord and his God! This principle of interpretation we prefer to the other, inasmuch as it rises from the specialities of mere Socinianism to a loftier and more comprehensive Unitarianism, and meets the exigencies of a much wider range of Scriptural representation. Maintaining the strict unity of the Godhead, it more simply reconciles, as we think, the lowliest language descriptive of the person and condition of the Saviour with his highest offices and titles.

An extract or two from different parts of the book shall now be given, as characteristic specimens, and as incitements for our readers to a complete perusal. The first shall contain parts of the opening letter. Could so difficult a task be accomplished with more delicacy of tact, respectfulness and tenderness of filial bearing, or commanding sense of personal responsibility?

"January 19th, 1845.

MY KIND AND VENERATED PARENTS :

It has become my solemn duty to make to you an announcement, which, I fear, will fill your hearts with sorrow. Would to God, that I could save you from the pain, which, from my knowledge of your views and feelings, I am sure awaits you; but I believe, as God is my Judge, that *truth* is dearer to me than life itself, and I dare no longer disavow the sentiments, which, after thorough, and *honest*, and prayerful deliberation, I have at length adopted.

I will keep you no longer in suspense, but will proceed to declare, that I do not now believe that my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is the Supreme God. I believe that there is but *one* God, the Father, of whom are all things, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things. I believe that 'all power,' was *given* unto him in Heaven and on earth; that he was the Messiah predicted by the Old Testament writers, who, in the fulness of time, came into the world with a commission from God, and full power and authority to do the work which

God had given him to do. In other words, after long and earnest deliberation, much diligent study of the Holy Scriptures, and fervent prayer to God for the assistance of his spirit, I conscientiously and firmly reject the doctrine of the Trinity.

This doctrine was a part of my education. I received it, as many others do, without thorough investigation, though, I must confess, it has often perplexed me beyond measure. Still I held it, as it seems to me all must do, as a strange mystery, which I must not attempt to comprehend; not considering, that a mystery does not necessarily suppose an incomprehensibility; and losing sight of the danger of admitting, what now appears to me to be an impossibility. It is impossible for me, and I now perceive that it has always been impossible to make one of three, or three of one, — one perfect and infinite being equal to three perfect and infinite beings. There may be gifted minds capable of comprehending this doctrine, but such is not mine. It is plain to me now, that I have all my life been worshipping three distinct beings; never having been able, with the most strenuous efforts, to combine the three in my own mind so as to form a simple idea. But now I bow to the divine authority, when I hear Jehovah saying, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is *one* Lord.'

But to return. So anxious have I always been for clearer views upon this point, that I have eagerly read everything upon the Trinitarian side of the question which came in my way; yet always without the satisfaction so desirable to an honest and inquisitive mind, and always with the same melancholy feeling, that it was *a strange mystery*; though still I felt *bound* to receive it." — pp. 1 — 3.

"When the subject first presented itself fully and distinctly before my mind, in connection with a desire and a determination to give it a complete investigation, I felt an instinctive fear, almost a *horror*, at my presumption. I took Dr. Dwight's sermons upon the divinity of Christ, and tried to be convinced that I had all my life been in the right — I read them over and over again — I had anxious days and sleepless nights; and even in my dreams my visions were of three distinct Gods, entangled together in dreadful and inextricable confusion. Thus was I driven to the examination of the subject with a power which I could not withstand.

My chief source of information has been the New Testament, and especially the gospel by John. I endeavored to read with an unprejudiced mind, and a teachable spirit, and to explain passages of *doubtful import* by those which could admit of *no possible mistake*. While thus reading, the doctrines of the absolute unity of God, and of the *derived* power and authority of his Son, shone forth from every page of the blessed volume with a



brightness and a clearness perfectly convincing to my wondering mind. I could no longer resist the mass of evidence which seemed fully to establish the superiority of the Father to the Son. I found that Christ always spoke of himself as inferior to his Father, of his power and authority as derived from his Father, — and it seemed to me that, if the case were otherwise, (with humility let me say it,) our blessed Lord had studiously endeavored to mislead us." — pp. 5, 6.

"And now, when I sit down seriously to compare the system of doctrines with which I have so long been fettered, with those under the influence of which my freed spirit now joyfully springs to meet its benevolent Creator, I cannot but exclaim, 'thanks be to God, who hath given me the victory, through my Lord Jesus Christ!' My *mind* is disenthralled, disenchanted, awakened as from a death-like stupor, — all mists are cleared away, — and this feeling of light, and life, and liberty, arises from a delightful consciousness that I have learned to give the Scriptures a rational and simple interpretation, and that, on the most important of all subjects, I have learned to think for myself.

My views of my Lord and Master are dearer to me than ever before, because they are more definite. He is still my Saviour, and the Saviour of the world — the instrument chosen by his Father through whom to bestow his unmerited mercy; a willing instrument, for he delighted to do his Father's will; an all-sufficient instrument, for *all power* was given unto him. I believe that a living faith, which will lead us to imitate him, is the only ground of our salvation; but, while I fully believe in the divinity of his character and of his mission, I do not believe that he was the supreme God himself. I believe in the efficacy of his death, — the most striking circumstance of his history, — for it was *the seal of a new and better covenant*, — an evidence of his divine commission, and of his devotion to his Father's will; without which he would not have given us such an assurance of the glorious certainty of a resurrection, by being himself the first-born from the dead; without which his work would have been incomplete, and much less calculated to affect our hearts, to bring us to repentance, to lead us to God, and to save our souls.

You cannot suppose, my beloved Parents, that I have embraced these opinions hastily or carelessly. It is painful to expose oneself to the charge of fickleness, and it is very painful to separate oneself from those who are near and dear; but God is to be my Judge; to Him alone I must answer for my opinions; to my own Master I must stand or fall; and I dare not disavow what, upon mature deliberation, I believe to be the truth. I love you, God knows how well! but I love the *truth* better; and your blessed Saviour and mine has said, 'He that loveth

father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' If then I embrace in my heart the doctrine which appears to me to be taught by Christ himself, must I not avow it?" — pp. 8, 9.

To a correspondent, whose arguments in behalf of Calvinism she has encountered with a masterly logic, she concludes in this elevated and impassioned strain: —

"After all that I have said, my dear Sir, after plainly stating to you how Calvinism appears to me now, you will not wonder that I dread and fear it. I regard it almost as I would some venomous serpent, from whose fangs I have but narrowly escaped. Too long has it been coiling itself around my struggling spirit. That its poisonous fangs have not reached my vitals, I owe to that wonderful Providence of God which has protected me from harm, and, at length, provided a way of escape. He has given me strength to struggle on, till, at length, I have thrown the monster from me. I bless God for my escape.

You will perhaps think that this is unreasonably strong language; but if you only knew how I have suffered — how my whole life has been clouded over by this gloomy faith — how, even in moments when I have been joyfully welcoming the pure beams of the Sun of Righteousness, its dark cloud has frightened me from afar, its low, muttered tones of thunder have reached my ears, like a sound foreboding evil — you would not think my language too impassioned. Be it so or not, it is just as I feel.

My religion is my all. Without it, what should I be, or what should I do? Without it, how, in my early years, could I have borne the changes and sorrows which have fallen to my lot? I love my religion dearly, for it has been emphatically *my friend*. Then, if I have been able conscientiously to give up all that was dark and debasing about it, while I keep all that is bright and elevating, how can I be too thankful? How can I speak too strongly? I sometimes wonder why, before I had proved the all-sustaining power of religion in my own experience, I did not give way to skepticism, and become the victim of infidelity. I cannot but remember the shocking doubts which sometimes found their way into my mind; doubts which sometimes made me miserable for weeks together. Rebellious and unworthy thoughts of God, my heavenly Father and Friend; how they used to haunt and torture me! They grew out of my creed. To a person of my 'mental constitution,' if I thought about it at all, it could not be otherwise. I could not teach myself to reconcile contradictions. I could not school myself to receive, what always seemed to me absurdities. I never examined them deeply. I *tried* to believe them, but tried without success; or,

at most, it was a strange sort of belief, against my better judgment.

It was an extorted faith. I feared to believe otherwise. And soon the time came, when, under the pressure of deep affliction, religion became absolutely necessary to me. I clung therefore to the practical and truthful, shutting my eyes upon all the rest. I have, indeed, endeavored to indoctrinate myself—to *understand* what I thought I *must* believe, and to fill my mind with arguments for that belief; but I never before now *thoroughly* examined the question, whether those opinions were true. I never *myself*, and I confess it with sorrow, brought them meekly to the law and to the testimony, to judge, by my own reason, *whether they could be found there*. I was *afraid to doubt*. And in regard to *the Trinity*, I did not doubt till lately."—pp. 131, 132.

"For my part, I thank God that *I am free*. I breathe the air of religious liberty, and it revives my soul. I raise my unshackled hands in gratitude to Heaven, and sing aloud for joy. But still I remember the struggle—the conflict between light and darkness—the despairing avowal of a belief which was revolting to my very soul; it was wormwood and gall; my soul hath it in remembrance.

My eyes are now opened to behold the truth, and beauty, and symmetry, of another faith than yours, and not all your declarations and bold assertions can turn what I behold, into what *you assert it to be*. Show me another scheme of faith, and let me compare it with the Bible, but do not attempt to frighten me by hard names and dark pictures of your own creation. It is easy to dress up a hideous figure, and call it Unitarianism, but those who are choosing for eternity will not be very readily deceived by any such imaginary creation."—p. 134.

Among the letters which recur most prominently to our memory, are the fourth, containing an acute discussion with her father on the "connexion of doctrines;" the eighteenth, in which the writer detects and refutes the ingenious sophism of some religious friend, who wishes to withdraw her from the pursuit of what he considers abstract truth! the twenty-sixth, in which the author lucidly details the "method of investigation" by which she arrived at her present views—a model, as it seems to us, for all impartial students of the Scripture; and the thirtieth, or last, breathing forth the mingled tones of sorrow and joy from the depths of her own uncommon experience. But different letters, probably, will variously strike different minds.

The following list of the titles of a portion of her letters, together with the recollection that under each title a number of collateral subjects are frequently started and exhausted, will convey some idea of the wide range of critical, moral, and theological disquisition pursued: — opening letter to her parents, giving a history of her “change of views;” the “terms, God and Lord;” “Scott’s Notes, Whitby’s retractation,” etc.; “connexion of doctrines;” “investigation no crime;” “honesty — Dr. Watts;” “Unitarians do not deny Christ;” “views of atonement;” “mental freedom;” “Calvinism;” “God our Father;” “signs of the times;” “truth and its consequences;” “election;” “the phrase ‘I am’;” “mental suffering;” “use of reason;” “no human creeds;” “causes of infidelity;” “painful themes.” An Appendix of more than forty pages illustrates the whole by several apposite quotations.

It is to be hoped that the present volume is only an *avant-courier* for many a future one, and that Mrs. Dana’s ready pen will follow new trains of speculation for the benefit of her adopted denomination, as well as the religious world at large.

We congratulate our Spartan ranks on this unsought and unexpected acquisition. Votaries as we are of that calm and steadfast proselytism, which consists in an open and unflinching profession and defence of our faith, an humble endeavor to live according to its teachings, and a patient waiting for God’s own spirit and providence to soften our opponents and multiply our associates, we shall not pretend to conceal the pleasure with which we have penned the foregoing pages, and recorded the event which they commemorate. At the same time, with the disappointments, exaggerated and shortlived though they will unquestionably prove to be, which this event may have occasioned among surrounding friends and connections, we profess respectfully to sympathise. We rejoice to know, that such has been the universal sentiment in the Unitarian congregation more immediately interested in Mrs. Dana’s change of faith. And on the other hand, we equally rejoice to acknowledge, that the church which she has necessarily left, has neither outraged her feelings, nor dishonored its own records, nor offended the charitable,



Christian sense of the age, by any act of ecclesiastical persecution, or even censure. Would that all conscientious changes of opinion might be accompanied by similar exhibitions of charity and delicacy. Never, at least, may our own good cause acquire or dismiss its adherents, by trampling rough-shod over the sacred and tender feelings of humanity, although we are well aware that a policy so mild often tells scantily for the mere statistics of sect-building. We have all confidence in the eternal strength and unbounded growth of our principles; but whether they are to extend, as in the present instance, under circumstances of individual anguish and rapid development, or are to advance, as they have so often done, by a quiet and imperceptible expansion, until whole churches, and communities, and nations find themselves blown back by the silent breath of the Spirit to the shore of simple, primitive Christianity, may our only note of triumph ever be that, which we now tender to our neophyte friend — Welcome to a band of believers, whose prayers shall be raised for you, whose sympathies shall be with you, and who, while they wish and promise you all joy and peace in believing, will never interfere with the eagle-freedom of your thought!      S. G.

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ART. IX. — SUMNER'S ORATION.\*

THE celebration of the Fourth of July was at first very naturally marked by the exultation of success. The founding of a national independent existence is an august work; the resistance to tyranny has been considered, in every age, a sacred duty. Life, fortune, and honor have been pledged to the achievement by the most gallant spirits who have illustrated the history of man. The American Revolution stands prominently forward among the great warlike and political events, which have been brought to pass by suffering, self-sacrifice and toil, and which have rewarded the actors in them with imperishable glory. The poet's lyre,

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\* *The True Grandeur of Nations; an Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston, July 4, 1845.* By CHARLES SUMNER. Boston: J. H. Eastburn. 1845. 8vo. pp. 104.

the historian's pen, the painter's canvas, and the sculptor's chisel have united to eternize the men who have acted, and the deeds which have been done. We cannot reasonably be surprised then, that those who have been called upon to speak on our national anniversary, have usually indulged in the language of exultation and of patriotic pride. The limits of good taste have rarely been scrupulously observed, and sounding rant has frequently supplied the place of chastened eloquence. American oratory does not stand alone, however, in this species of glory. The ancient "demonstrative eloquence," so called, was as profuse in patriotic exaggeration, as copious in high-sounding words, as all-comprehensive in the claims of national egotism, as the most vaunting orations of the Fourth of July; but the remains of it which have come down to us, embalmed in the spiced languages of Greece and Rome, are treated with a reverence which rarely ventures to criticise their unsubstantial character. And then, what an immense mass of the eloquence of independent Athens passed into that limbo of literature, into which our own "eloquent" annual productions hurry with frightful rapidity. Let us then, while we smile at the frothiness of most of our festive eloquence, do it the justice to remember, that the patriotic orations of the most polished nation of antiquity frothed and foamed as much as we, and for every hyperbolical extravagance which has ever been uttered in compliment to ourselves on the Fourth of July, we might have had the highest possible authority, if time had been so good as to spare them. In the Menexenus of Plato, from which Mr. Sumner quotes and adapts a passage, Socrates hits off the *obligato* demonstrative eloquence of his countrymen very well.

"O Menexenus," says the sly sage, "it goes hard but that to die in battle is a very fine thing, in many points of view: for he who does so receives a beautiful and magnificent burial, even if he die poor; and then he gets eulogized, however worthless, by able men who do not praise at random, but who have prepared their discourses a long time beforehand; who so beautifully eulogize, that by saying of each person what is applicable to him and what is not, and embellishing with phrases in the finest possible style, they cheat our very souls. They pass all manner of encomiums upon the city, and praise those who have perished in war, and our ancestors of all past times, and ourselves who are still alive, so that I, for one, O Menexenus, feel nobly, being

praised by them, and always stand, listening and delighted, thinking that I have forthwith grown larger and nobler and handsomer. And as is generally the case, there are strangers accompanying me, and listening at the same time, and I immediately become a more important personage in their eyes. For they also seem to me to be similarly affected both towards me and towards the rest of the city—to think it more admirable than it was before, being persuaded by the speaker. And this importance remains with me more than three days. So like flute-music the words and voice of the orator steal into my ears, that for four or five days I scarcely remember myself or perceive where on earth I am, but in the mean time I all but imagine I am dwelling in the islands of the Blest. So able are our orators.”

Thus much for the Fourth of July eloquence of the Athenians. Our own great national anniversary has, of late years, been turned to somewhat different purposes. We have heard fewer common-places about the heroes “who fought, bled, and died,” on Bunker Hill—our modern Marathon, or at Lexington—our American pass of Thermopylæ. Earnest men have ventured to seize the occasion for uttering words of warning, and teaching the people their duties. For it cannot be denied, that the course of public events for the last twelve or fifteen years has created alarm of a serious nature, and to a great extent, in the minds of our most thoughtful citizens. The frightful extent of public dishonesty among those who have been selected by our national government for offices of trust and responsibility; the grasping profligacy of place-hunters; the infamous facility with which large bodies of citizens are willing to give the lie to their own convictions repeatedly and solemnly expressed, when the supposed interests of a party or the bidding of a favorite demagogue moves them; the lowering of the qualities of character, the abilities, and the experience demanded in candidates for the highest public offices, and the gradual but very perceptible vulgarizing of the administration of our general government, consequent on the scanty qualifications, vulgar manners, and contemptible abilities of those who are too often entrusted with it:—all these are omens of evil, which may well cause the true patriot to look forward with anxiety to the future. The brutal ignorance of large masses of persons of foreign birth, who are placed by a too facile policy in the full possession

of the rights of citizenship, and the equally brutal ignorance of large bodies of citizens of native origin, in some portions of our country, are subjects of grave reflection with all who take the trouble to reason on the causes of national downfall.

But of all the influences from which our country has the most to fear, the most dangerous is the passion for territorial aggrandizement even at the peril of war. The whole past history of the world is but one continued and terrible lesson upon this appalling subject. And yet men will not learn wisdom from the sufferings of others: the present age is ready to plunge into the same folly and the same wickedness that have desolated so much of the past. And in full view of the present condition of Europe, whose population is sunk in hopeless poverty by the vast accumulations of debt which have grown up in ages of warfare, our republic stands ready, on every trifling emergency, and even to avenge imaginary wrongs, to plunge madly into all the guilt and misery of war. Under these circumstances, when a bad national ambition is rampant in the land, what more suitable subject could an orator appointed by the municipal authorities of the city of Boston have selected, than the "True Grandeur of Nations?" We are rushing forward, with fatal speed, in the career of false grandeur, which has led other nations to their downfall; what more fitting moment to urge upon the attention of the public those principles of righteousness which are the only true foundation of national as well as of individual prosperity: — the principles of justice and peace, — the truths of the Christian religion?

Mr. Sumner is entitled to the thanks of all true lovers of their country for the manly stand he took on the Fourth of July. The subject he selected was the most pressing of all possible themes at that moment. The occasion was a great civic celebration of the birth-day of our national independence, and was therefore a most suitable one for the discussion of topics which concern most deeply our national morals and our continued well-being. The oration was listened to by an unusually large audience with marked attention. The moral sense of the great body of the hearers assented cordially and applaudingly to the noble morality of the orator; and there were probably few persons who left the hall without having their sense of justice and their



feeling of moral responsibility quickened by the burning words to which they had been listening. A portion of the audience consisted of military men — the usual guests on that occasion. This circumstance led some over-fastidious people to question the propriety of Mr. Sumner's course. And it may fairly be admitted that this circumstance deserved consideration. A moment's reflection however, we think, will prove that there is no indelicacy in discussing the blessings of peace in the presence of military men, in our age. The most vivid delineations of the horrors of war have been drawn by soldiers themselves; and there is not, probably, living in Christendom an educated military man who does not look upon war as the most terrible scourge that ever afflicted humanity, and the resort to it as justifiable only on the ground of dire necessity. Indeed, the men who have the fighting to do and the hard knocks to receive, very naturally have the liveliest perception of the unspeakable horrors of their trade. The military historians of the Peninsular Campaigns have dealt truly and honestly with their subject, but it was left to the civilian Alison to deck with the meretricious ornaments of his false rhetoric the fields of honor, — those shambles where so many thousands of human beings died the death of brutes. This historian, with sonorous phrases of Christian belief ready for use at a moment's warning, writes in a worse than Pagan spirit of the bloody deeds of war. One would suppose in reading his tedious volumes, that the demoniac passions which burn in the soldier's breast at the moment of the shock of battle, were the most virtuous sentiments ever known to the human soul; and that the glory gained by butchering men on a gigantic scale was the only glory worthy of immortal fame. After gloating over bloody details which make the heart sicken, how are we disgusted at the pompous parade of panegyrical phrases with which he consecrates the memory of those fiendish scenes, and of the fiends who enacted them. But the men who saw and shared in these campaigns do not thus trifle with truth and conscience; they do not thus set up a Pagan idol for the worship of Christian people.

In this age and in our country men ought not to shrink from the freest discussion; and of all the days in the year, one would suppose that "Independence day" might, with-

out censure, be devoted to the frank expression of opinions on national subjects. No military man has a right to take offence, because a public speaker uses the liberty of expressing what he deems to be the true character of war. The man of war is not personally assailed ; and if war is morally wrong, he most of all men is concerned to know it. He may not be to blame, even on this supposition, for being a soldier. The true character of war is one thing, and the true character of the warrior is quite another. The former must be decided by abstract reasoning and by comparing its deeds and principles with the deeds and principles sanctioned and taught by Christianity. The latter can only be decided by taking into consideration innumerable facts and circumstances which are peculiar to each individual case. And are we never to discuss openly the abstract merits of the world's practices, because certain persons who are engaged in them may regard such discussion as a personal offence ? Are we never to set forth the horrors of war, and the burdens it imposes upon the world, when gentlemen wearing swords and epaulets may happen to be present ? Must we be silent on the nature of the soldier's trade, because peaceable citizens deem it their duty to arm themselves from time to time, and with banners flying to march, with emblematic devices on their equipments, through our streets ? We may respect their motives, and not approve their practice. We may think there are other and more Christian methods of keeping the peace than by "imitating the action of the tiger," without impugning the character of those who choose the latter. True, an old saying has it, "Love me, love my dog ;" but we never heard of one which said "love me, love my tiger," "love me, love my bear-skin cap," or "love me, love my martial banner that flouts the sky."

The oration of Mr. Sumner is a very remarkable performance, and has excited much attention. It is a most elaborate discussion of the subject of war in all its bearings upon the well-being of a nation, and in all its relations with Christian duty. The several branches of the subject are handled with uncommon vigor of argument and amplitude of illustration. The style is copious, brilliant and glowing. At times it runs into an affluence of ornament, which a severe taste would perhaps require to be somewhat pruned. But

upon this point we should bear in mind, that the principles of taste allow a great latitude in the methods of discussing subjects ; and that the infinite variety of individual organizations cannot be brought under one uniform system, one monotonous practice. It is the nature of some minds to reason with rigid and logical severity ; to avoid all ornament, and retain only what is absolutely essential to the orderly exposition of a subject. They admit no illustrations by analogy ; no support by authorities ; no allusions to the opinions of others ; no argument by metaphors. But because these are right in following out their own methods, we are not to infer that others are wrong for adopting different and opposite methods. There are those whose minds naturally and without effort embrace at once all the ideas that strictly belong to the subject they are handling, and all the associated ideas that illustrate and adorn it. An expansive mode of treatment, an abundance of allusion and quotation, a rounded and stately phraseology, are the natural forms in which minds of this description express themselves. Burke had gathered up the fruits of universal learning ; and on every page of his immortal productions the rich results are manifested by a copiousness of imagery, a fulness, brilliancy and picturesqueness of periods, which make his style one of the noblest in the literature of England. Grotius, as everybody knows, adorned his learned discussions of the technicalities of public law by apt quotations from all the writers of Greece and Rome, using them, not for the sake of pedantic display, but to enforce his enlightened doctrines, by showing their coincidence with the sentiments of the illustrious poets, orators and philosophers of antiquity. The late Sir James Mackintosh manifested in the precious monuments of his genius — too few and fragmentary to give the world an adequate conception of the beauty and greatness of his mind — the same discursive taste, the same love of various and learned illustration, which marked the works of the distinguished men who had nurtured his mind and formed his taste.

We are not, therefore, prepared to join in the censures which we have heard thrown out upon Mr. Sumner's style, as encumbered with too much allusion, illustration and metaphor. Without exception, we believe, the allusions, illustrations and metaphors advance the discussion, or

strengthen the argument, or enforce the doctrine, or illuminate the picture ; and the authorities cited in the foot-notes, and in the appendix, are useful guides to those who may desire to push their inquiries into the various topics of the discourse beyond its necessarily narrow limits.

After a very appropriate introduction, with suitable references to the character of the day, and to the memory of our ancestors, the orator announces his subject to be the inquiry, — “What in our age, are the true objects of national ambition — what is truly national glory, national honor — *what is the true grandeur of nations.*” Having made a few general remarks upon war, in which it is defined to be “a public, armed contest between nations, in order to establish *justice* between them,” — a result which Mr. Sumner contends, is never secured, — he enters at once upon the discussion of the subject. It ought to be borne constantly in mind by the reader, that Mr. Sumner limits the argument to wars among Christian nations in the present age. He begins with an examination of “the character of war, or that part of our nature in which it has its origin,” and shows that it is “a temporary adoption by men, of the character of wild beasts, emulating their ferocity, rejoicing like them in blood, and seeking, as with a lion’s paw, to hold an asserted right.” Mr. Sumner next proceeds to consider “the effects or consequences of this resort to brute force, in the pursuit of *justice.*” He shows that “war is utterly ineffectual to secure or advance the object at which it aims. The misery which it excites, contributes to no end, helps to establish no right, and therefore, in no respect determines justice between the contending nations.” This is proved by the historical fact, that in the great wars which have desolated the world, for the most part, “peace has been gladly obtained on the basis of the condition of things before the war—the *status ante bellum.*” It is under this general head that Mr. Sumner introduces an ingenious and able parallel between the character of war as a means of establishing justice in the present age, and the private wars, particularly the judicial combat, or trial by battle, in the dark ages. Various prejudices which tend to uphold the practice of war, are next examined. These are the belief in its necessity ; the practice of nations, past and present ; the influence which



war has derived from the sanction of the Christian Church; the prejudices engendered by the army itself, particularly the point of honor, "early child of chivalry, the living representative in our day of an age of barbarism;" "a selfish and exaggerated love of country, leading to its physical aggrandizement at the expense of other countries;" and lastly, "the costly preparations for war, in time of peace." All these topics are handled with fearlessness and vigor. The discussion of the *point of honor* is admirable for the truth and severity with which that unchristian standard of human conduct is exposed. On the immense expenditures by the nations of the Christian world, for war, Mr. Sumner's statements, borne out in every instance by documents of unquestionable authority, will startle every reader. We pass over many important facts connected with this subject, and quote the following terrific array of figures.

"The number of soldiers now keeping the Peace of European Christendom, as a *standing army*, without counting the Navy, is upwards of two millions. Some estimates place it as high as three millions. The army of Great Britain exceeds 300,000 men; that of France 350,000; that of Russia 730,000, and is reckoned by some as high as 1,000,000; that of Austria about 275,000; that of Prussia 150,000. Taking the smaller number, suppose these two millions to require for their annual support an average sum of only \$150 each, the result would be \$300,000,000, for their sustenance alone; and reckoning one officer to ten soldiers, and allowing to each of the latter an English shilling a day, or \$87 a year, for wages, and to the former an average salary of \$500 a year, we should have for the pay of the whole no less than \$256,000,000, or an appalling sum total for both sustenance and pay of \$556,000,000. If the same calculation be made, supposing the forces to amount to three millions, the sum total will be \$835,000,000! But to this enormous sum another still more enormous must be added on account of the loss sustained by the withdrawal of two millions of hardy, healthy men, in the bloom of life, from useful, productive labor. It has been supposed that it costs an average of \$500 to rear a soldier; and that the value of his labor if devoted to useful objects would be \$150 a year. The Christian Powers, therefore, in setting apart two millions of men as soldiers, sustain a loss of \$1,000,000,000 on account of their training; and \$300,000,000 annually, on account of their labor. So much for the cost of the standing army of European Christendom in time of Peace."

But the expenditures of the United States in preparations for war are still greater, in proportion to the other expenditures of the Federal Government. Of all the nations of Europe, the war expenditures bear the largest proportion in Great Britain to the general cost of supporting the government, amounting to 74 per cent of the whole ; while in the United States, the expenditures in preparation for war, rise to the appalling proportion of 80 per cent. We give a single paragraph on this subject.

By a table\* of the expenditures of the United States, exclusive of payments on account of the Public Debt, it appears, that, in the fifty-three years from the formation of our present Government, in 1789 down to 1843, there have been \$246,620,055 spent for civil purposes, comprehending the expenses of the executive, the legislative, the judiciary, the post office, light-houses, and intercourse with foreign governments. During this same period there have been \$368,526,594, devoted to the military establishment, and \$170,437,684 to the naval establishment; the two, forming an aggregate of \$538,964,278. Deducting from this sum the appropriations during three years of war, and we shall find that more than *four hundred millions* were absorbed by vain preparations in time of peace for war. Add to this amount a moderate sum for the expenses of the militia during the same period, which a candid and able writer places at present at \$50,000,000 a year ; for the past years we may take an average of \$25,000,000, and we shall have the enormous sum of \$1,335,000,000 to be added to the \$400,000,000 ; the whole amounting to *seventeen hundred and thirty-five millions* of dollars, a sum beyond the conception of human faculties, sunk under the sanction of the Government of the United States in mere *peaceful preparations for war* ; more than *seven times* as much as was dedicated by the Government, during the same period, to all other purposes whatsoever."

The folly and wickedness of this lavish expense on objects which are opposed to the public morality, and which find no sanction in the religion we profess, language cannot adequately describe. The orator draws contrast, which if we had room, we should be glad to extract, that will open the eyes of the public to the enormous disproportion between the wasteful and ridiculous excess of expenditure upon these corrupting objects of our government's fostering care, and the most munificent pa-

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\* American Almanac for 1845, page 143.

tronage that has ever been extended in our country, to an institution of Peace — the oldest University established for the higher education of American citizens. Mr. Sumner urges the abandonment of our costly system of national defences. He inquires, under this branch of the argument, first, "What is the use of the standing army of the United States?" and the question is so disposed of, that it will not be easy for a martial logician to answer it. The navy, the fortifications, the militia of the United States pass successively under review, and are all condemned as useless consumers of the country's wealth and corrupters of its morals; they are all pronounced, on grounds of fact and reasoning which it is not easy to take away, "not the preservers of peace, but the provokers of war." The Christian doctrine of love is pressed home with an eloquence and force which it is impossible to resist. The oration closes with a lofty strain of eloquence, in which the leading principles of the whole discourse are summed up and recapitulated, in a manner so impressive and solemn, with such majesty of language and elevation of moral sentiment, that they must needs sink deeply into every heart.

To us the argument against war, under any conceivable circumstances, in the present age, seems to have an adamant strength. We thank Mr. Sumner for venturing on such an occasion to do so good a work; we thank him for giving to the subject the whole force of his great abilities, his various learning, and his brilliant eloquence. He has furnished the advocates of peace with reasonings, facts, figures, and illustrations, which cannot fail to help forward the great cause of its universal establishment; a cause, on which the final triumph of Christianity so essentially depends. He, a man of the world, has exposed the monstrous fallacies of the world, with a force of argument to which there can be no reply; he, a layman, has addressed the Church in terms of righteous rebuke for her criminal disobedience to the teachings of the Prince of Peace, which she will do well to treasure up and deeply ponder. Let all good men read carefully and conscientiously what has so honestly, so ably, so learnedly and in so Christian a spirit, been laid before them by the orator of the Fourth of July.

C. C. F.

## NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*Margaret. A Tale of the Real and Ideal, Blight and Bloom, including sketches of a Place not before described, called Mons Christi.* Boston: Jordan & Wiley. 12mo. pp. 460.

THE book bearing the above title contains an account, interesting on the whole, of the fortunes and character of a remarkable girl, of her progress from an obscure and painful condition to one of influence, respectability and refined happiness, from extreme ignorance to high wisdom. It is divided into three Parts. The first of these might have been withheld from the printer without essentially diminishing the value of the whole; or at least it might have been advantageously compressed into half a dozen pages. It abounds in dull and diffuse details of persons and things that possess few claims to the reader's attention, and some of which make but a small figure in the narrative. It is encumbered with dialogues of low life conducted without that humor, raciness, and spirit, which alone can make such conversation otherwise than tedious, if not quite revolting. We have been unable to discover, after a careful perusal, that it really teaches anything, unless it be that the manners of our people in the new country half a century ago were excessively rude, standing in undoubted need of the temperance reform, that a murderer may love flowers, and that a simple-hearted child will behave like a child in very different situations. The language that is recorded here, too, although we cannot deny that there are regions where it may be in use, is yet composed of some elements with which we must presume the gentlemen who compiled our standard dictionaries to have been unacquainted. Occasionally, however, we find passages of more than ordinary beauty. And while some of the descriptions are wearisome and intrusive, others are graphic and well-drawn; while vulgar images are sometimes introduced unnecessarily as figures of speech, others occur that are chaste and strikingly appropriate. The episode relating to Brückmann, is a happy instance of feeling delicately managed.

We allude to the faults of this portion of the volume the more particularly, because to a certain extent they appear throughout. There is here and there such an indulgence by the author of his faculty in the enumeration of particulars, such an extensive catalogue in natural history, as almost to give one the impression that his *forte* lies in minute details. We also thought we detected in various places a leaning to the fantastic, the strange,



in fact, to oddity, which is always a blemish in a true work of art. We are aware there is a certain class of persons that greatly admire and mightily extol whatever in books or characters inclines to eccentricity. Among these are some who are ready to affirm that singularity is an infallible mark of genius, and that common sense, modesty, what Cicero calls *constantia*, and a respect for the classical rules and models of composition, are qualities that can by no means enter into the character of a great writer. But wiser men will notwithstanding continue for the present to believe that no writer can be truly great who despises them. A few cases of trifling inconsistency in the development of this story might be noticed, — as where Margaret is made to do a thing she is represented as so manifestly incompetent to, as giving a ball. It might well be doubted, too, whether the first conversations of Mr. Evelyn, being not remarkably plain, were calculated so eminently to clear up the theological ideas of an uninstructed young female. And, to complete our censure, we cannot conceive why the flash and profane language of vicious characters, should be suffered to mar a book, in other respects, of unexceptionable purity.

However, as we have intimated, the farther one advances in the reading of the volume, the more do imperfections vanish and excellencies appear. While the first Part excited in us something very like disgust, the latter portions awakened a strong feeling of admiration. The unnaturalness and stiffness of the beginning wear off. Earnest thoughts are uttered, and earnest sympathies are engaged. Merely as a romance, the work is not perhaps more than respectable; but as a record of many just ideas and lofty sentiments, it stands far above the level of most of the books which the press "groans daily to deliver." The author has, clearly, a deep, genuine love for his race, and a hearty desire to serve well the interests of humanity. Nor is he without a marked degree of originality and skill in the art of collecting and combining the materials of a readable production. The success which we doubt not will attend his effort, will be owing in large measure to his talent for apprehending and presenting subjects in the concrete, — a talent that is liable, if not guarded, to pass, as we have seen, into excess. "Margaret" leaving her home at "the Pond," and "Chilion" in the jail, afford scenes and passages of uncommon pathos, and are most felicitously sketched. The chapter on Christianity is full of eloquence and power and truth. We do not often meet with finer illustrations and statements of the nature, character and real mission of Christ, and the significance of the Gospel. This, together with the kindred passages in the third Part, and the description of the effect of ecclesiastical formalities and pious cant on the mind of a sincere and pure maiden, may be regard-

ed as constituting the chief substance and worth of the book. Here is the centre and essence of the whole production. And although we cannot help thinking that the limits of good taste and decorum are sometimes overstepped, in the neglected child's rather offensive talk on subjects and beings that we can never too sacredly reverence, yet there is much that is both true and instructive in the natural rebellion of her soul against the dogmas and absurdities of creed-worshippers, against Pharisaism and all religious pretension. Pure goodness is beautifully contrasted with the mockery of it. Margaret's letters, at the close, are delightful. They give a picture of what may be considered almost a perfect state of society, and the church. They show how the kingdom of Christ veritably comes on earth. They preach liberal Christianity, in the highest sense. In a noble spirit, they heighten our conception of what the New Testament means, and in striking and animating forms set forth the exalted dignity of those who are ready to carry on, with brave and trusting hearts, that work of love which Jesus began. H.

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*Morning and Evening Meditations, for every Day in a Month.*  
London. 1845. 12mo. pp. 227.

WE presume that we violate no secrecy in saying, that for this little volume we are indebted to Miss Mary Carpenter, daughter of the late Dr. Carpenter of Bristol, England. It is "a first offering of love and gratitude to the memory of a revered father." The plan and arrangement of the work are somewhat new, and admirably adapted to the purposes of Christian devotion. It does not profess to be a Manual of prayer; but it is — what in our view is far better — highly suggestive of devotional thoughts and fitted to awaken the spirit of prayer, and therefore is in the best sense a Guide to prayer. It affords, for daily use, and also for various particular occasions, reflections founded on passages of Scripture, followed by well-chosen pieces of poetry in harmony with the subject of meditation. These are in all cases of a moderate length. The compiler has manifested judgment and taste and a catholic spirit in her selections, and the pieces for which she, and other members of her family, and some immediate friends are responsible add very much to the value of the book. We hope to see it soon republished here. We notice one or two errors in the Index of authors, which would easily be corrected in a new edition. The piece for Monday evening of the first week, attributed to H. Ware, is by James Montgomery. That for Wednesday evening of the second week, marked anonymous, is by Mrs. Gilman of Charleston, S. C. The volume has our cordial approval, and the editor our sincere thanks. M.

*Horæ Biblicæ; being a connected Series of Notes on the Text and Literary History of the Bibles, or Sacred Books of the Jews and Christians; and on the Bibles or Books accounted Sacred by the Mahometans, Hindoos, Parsees, Chinese, and Scandinavians. Volume the first, containing a connected Series of Notes on the Original Text, Early Versions, and Printed Editions of the Old and New Testament.* Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 108.

It should have been stated in an advertisement or preface, that this is a republication of part of a work of the late Charles Butler, published some years ago in England. The title of the reprint differs slightly from that of the edition before us, which is the fifth, issued in 1817. One or two other minute discrepancies we have observed, not of a nature, however, to impair the merit of the republication. The book is necessarily a dry one, but contains a great deal of information in a condensed form, and will prove valuable, not simply to the theological student, but also to the Sunday school teacher, and in fact to intelligent Christians generally. Butler was a Roman Catholic, but an enlightened man, and in the main a fair and impartial critic. L.

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*Miscellaneous Writings of* GEORGE W. BURNAP, Author of *Lectures to Young Women, etc.* Collected and revised by the Author. Baltimore. 1845. 12mo. pp. 343.

THIS volume contains several of Mr. Burnap's publications originally issued in separate pamphlets, some of which have never before fallen under our eye. They are on various subjects, literary as well as religious, and in bringing them together and presenting them to the public in a less perishable form than that in which they before existed, Mr. Burnap has enlarged the sphere of their usefulness, besides gratifying those who have already learned to regard him as one of our best writers, alike for correctness of thought and purity of language. L.

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*Epitaphs from the Old Burying-Ground in Cambridge. With Notes.* By WILLIAM THADDEUS HARRIS, Junior Sophister in Harvard College. Cambridge: J. Owen. 1845. 12mo. pp. 192.

THIS "transcript" of all the epitaphs in the Cambridge burial-ground "from the earliest date to the year 1800," with the names of those to whose memory monuments have been since erected, may have little interest except for readers who connect domestic or academical associations with the ground which Mr. Harris has so carefully traversed; but as a memorial

which such persons will value, and as an evidence of his antiquarian diligence, we esteem the volume worthy of respectful mention, and accept with gratitude the contribution he has here made to our "monumental literature." The earliest inscription in the Cambridge yard, — over the grave of "Ann Eriton, aged 77 years," — bears the date of 1653. We sympathise with Mr. Harris in his feelings of regret at the "desolate appearance" which this burial-ground, in the midst of one of our wealthy and populous towns, is allowed to retain. It is creditable neither to the people of Cambridge nor to the University, that the resting-place of so many honored both in the local and the literary history of the place should be neglected and misused, as we have often had occasion to observe is the case in our walks over this spot.

G.

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*The Young Ladies' Elocutionary Reader; containing a Selection of Reading Lessons*, by ANNA U. RUSSELL: *with Introductory Rules and Exercises in Elocution, adapted to Female Readers*, by WILLIAM RUSSELL, author of "Lessons in Enunciation," etc. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 480.

*Introduction to the Young Ladies' Elocutionary Reader: containing a Selection of Reading Lessons; together with the Rudiments of Elocution, adapted to Female Readers.* By WILLIAM and ANNA U. RUSSELL, Authors of the above-mentioned Reader. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 252.

MR. RUSSELL'S reputation and success as a teacher, long known and universally respected in our community, are a sufficient security for the character of that part of these works which comes from his pen; and the selections for which we are indebted to his daughter, are made not only with the strict regard to purity of sentiment which should mark every book intended for female readers, but with that attention to the suitability of the pieces as exercises for those who would accomplish themselves in a valuable, but too much neglected art, which will recommend them to use in both schools and families. There may not seem to have been an absolute need of this addition to the number of good books of a similar kind which have been published among us within a few years, but it increases the variety of choice, and in some respects these are preferable to the works by which they have been preceded. We regret to see in the larger volume that vicious system of punctuation adopted, now so common in American books, by which *commas* are multiplied, not only to the annoyance of the eye, but in utter disregard of the closest connexion of thought.

G.



- The Faith of the Unitarian Christian explained, justified, and distinguished. A Discourse delivered at the Dedication of the Unitarian Church, Montreal, on Sunday, May 11, 1845.* By EZRA S. GANNETT, Minister of the Federal Street Church, Boston. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1845. 8vo. pp. 40.
- Address delivered at the Laying of the Corner-stone of the Second Church, on Thursday Morning, May 30, 1844.* By CHANDLER ROBBINS, Minister of the Second Church and Society. Boston: I. R. Butts. 1844. 8vo. pp. 10.
- A Sermon delivered before the Proprietors of the Second Church, Wednesday, September 17, 1845, at the Dedication of their new House of Worship.* By their Minister, CHANDLER ROBBINS. Boston. 1845. 8vo. pp. 40.
- A Discourse delivered at the Dedication of the First Church and Society in Somerville, Mass., on Wednesday, Sept. 3, 1845.* By GEORGE E. ELLIS, Pastor of the Harvard Church, Charlestown. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 8vo. pp. 24.
- Anti-Supernaturalism. A Sermon preached before the Senior Class of the Divinity School in Harvard University, July 13, 1845.* By ANDREW P. PEABODY, Pastor of the South Church, Portsmouth, N. H. Cambridge: John Owen. 1845. 8vo. pp. 26.
- Discourse occasioned by the Death of the Hon. Joseph Story, LL. D., delivered in the Church of the First Parish in Cambridge, on Sunday, September 14, 1845.* By WILLIAM NEWELL, Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 23.
- A Discourse commemorative of the Life and Character of the Hon. Joseph Story, LL. D., an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University; pronounced on the eighteenth day of September, A. D. 1845, at the request of the Corporation of the University, and the Members of the Law School.* By SIMON GREENLEAF, LL. D., Royal Professor of Law in Harvard University. Boston: Little & Brown. 8vo. pp. 48.
- Eulogy on the Hon. Benjamin Russell, delivered before the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Massachusetts, March 10, 1845.* By Brother FRANCIS BAYLIES. Boston. 1845. 8vo. pp. 66.
- The Connection between Science and Religion. An Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, August 28, 1845.* By ANDREW P. PEABODY. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 8vo. pp. 29.

*A Poem pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, August 28, 1845.* By CHARLES T. BROOKS. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 8vo. pp. 36.

*An Address delivered before the American Peace Society, at its Annual Meeting, May 26, 1845.* By WILLIAM JAY. Boston. 1845. 8vo. pp. 31.

*Emancipation in the British West Indies, August 1, 1834. An Address, delivered in the First Presbyterian Church in Syracuse, on the First of August, 1845.* By SAMUEL J. MAY, Pastor of the Church of Messiah, in Syracuse. Syracuse. 1845. 8vo. pp. 24.

*The Unconstitutionality of Slavery.* By LYSANDER SPOONER. Boston: B. Marsh. 1845. 8vo. pp. 156.

*Essay on the Philosophical Character of Channing.* By ROWLAND G. HAZARD. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 40.

*Memoir of James Grahame, LL. D., Author of the History of the United States of North America. Originally prepared for the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.* By JOSIAH QUINCY. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 8vo. pp. 51.

*An Inquiry into the Views, Principles, Services, and Influences of the Leading Men in the Origination of our Union, and in the Formation and early Administration of our Present Government.* By THADDEUS ALLEN. Boston. 1845. 8vo. pp. 86.

*On the Introduction of Natural History as a regular classic in our Seminaries. An Address delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at Portland, Me., August, 1844.* By CHARLES BROOKS, Boston. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1844. 12mo. pp. 24.

*An Answer to "Questions addressed to the Rev. T. Parker and his Friends."* By a "FRIEND INDEED." Boston. 1845. 8vo. pp. 24.

*Answers to Questions contained in Mr. Parker's Letter to the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers.* By ONE NOT OF THE ASSOCIATION. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1845. 8vo. pp. 39.

WE are compelled to dismiss the above enumerated sermons and pamphlets, most of which have accumulated upon our hands within the last two months, with a few brief words of notice, though some of them deserve much more. — In the Dedication Discourse at Montreal the preacher treats of the topics which naturally suggested themselves on the occasion, — the "import" of the name Unitarian, "the reasons for adopting it," and the

"differences" it indicates between Unitarian Christians and others, believers or unbelievers. — Mr. Robbins's Address at laying the corner-stone of his new church is short and simple, as such addresses should be, and full of the spirit of the occasion. In his Dedication Discourse, from the text, "My Father's House," he takes for his leading topic the "Christian idea of the value and uses of the place of worship." In some beautiful passages, and with much fervor, he speaks of the "sentiments of veneration and love" which intertwine themselves with "places and times," investing them with sacredness, before he proceeds to other topics more usual on such occasions, with which he closes; giving some interesting "reminiscences" in an appendix. — The sentiment on which worship depends, the "historical facts" with which "*our* worship is connected," and the uses of worship, are among the topics impressively treated by Mr. Ellis in his Dedication Discourse, which is full of just and suggestive thought. — Mr. Peabody's Sermon compares "the anti-supernatural theory of religion" with "the theory which admits miraculous evidence," "in a philosophical, spiritual, and practical point of view," — to the advantage, in each instance, of the latter; and closes with remarks upon the impropriety of an exchange of *ministerial* offices between persons holding such widely different opinions. The discourse is written in the author's best manner — clear, calm, and forcible. — In Mr. Newell's discourse the intellectual traits of Judge Story, the high stations he filled with so much ability and success, his writings, his private and social virtues, and his religious character, are all impressively touched upon, and the whole leaves on the mind the calm, beautiful image of a great and good man. — Professor Greenleaf's Discourse contains a clear and succinct account of the public life, and especially of the professional services and character, and the various publications of his lamented colleague, written in a style of unusual chasteness, warm with the emotions of sincere admiration and personal friendship. — The Eulogy on Hon. Benjamin Russell, long known as the editor of the Centinel, contains some rich gleanings of Revolutionary anecdote, and is altogether a performance worthy of both perusal and preservation. — Mr. Peabody, in his Phi Beta Kappa Oration, proposes first, to exhibit the "essential agency," in the work of scientific investigation, "of just and adequate religious ideas and sentiments, and then to justify his position by a cursory survey of the history of science." There seems to us to be a want of sufficient qualification or development in some of the remarks, but the performance bears the stamp of the earnest and religious mind from which it proceeded. — Mr. Brooks's Poem may not give in the perusal the satisfaction with which it was heard, but it contains passages which every one

will pronounce much above the ordinary accomplishment of anniversary bards. Some persons may object to the machinery of the poem as stale and heavy, yet it is on the whole managed with good effect; and, with some faulty lines, the production is creditable to Mr. Brooks as a versifier and an imaginative writer. — Judge Jay strenuously pleads the cause of peace, points out the inconsistencies of Christians in regard to war, and concludes with some valuable statistical notices. — There is a little too much personal panegyric on the living in Mr. May's Address to suit our taste, yet is the performance, on the whole, a stirring one, full of the eloquence of truth. — Mr. Spooner's pamphlet is written with ability, though we do not think he proves the point, or points, which he is anxious to establish. It is entitled, however, to the attention of those who are qualified to form an enlightened judgment respecting the bearing of our national Constitution, and our subsequent or previous legislation on the subject of Slavery. — The "Essay on the Philosophical character of Channing" contains the thoughts of a fresh, vigorous mind, many of which are highly "suggestive," and whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the justness of the analysis, there can be none as to the author's quick sensibility to "the true, the beautiful and the good," or his ability to estimate them in their relation to the intellect and the life. — President Quincy's "Memoirs of James Grahame," though brief, is a valuable contribution to our biographical literature, and does full justice to the "Author of the History of the United States of North America," words, which, in his last illness, Grahame requested should be engraven on the stone which marked his grave. — Mr. Allen's pamphlet appears to be the first of a series meant to consist almost altogether of extracts from Journals of Congress, Memoirs, Letters etc. of the "Revolutionary times." The work will contain a great mass of useful information in an authentic form. We hope that it will receive the encouragement it deserves. — Professor Brooks urges both the practicability and the benefit of making natural history a branch of instruction in our higher seminaries with earnestness and force. — The Answer to "Questions addressed to Rev. T. Parker and his Friends" contains short and somewhat tart replies to many of those questions, but we doubt whether the cause of truth and goodness is much promoted by this sort of warfare. — The "Answers to Questions contained in Mr. Parker's Letter" are not thorough enough, we suspect, to satisfy Mr. Parker, nor will they, in every particular, as we think, meet the approbation of all those to whom that letter is addressed. Parts of the pamphlet, however, certainly exhibit much force and justness of remark.



## INTELLIGENCE.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

*Ecclesiastical Record.*—We rejoice that our present record of ministerial changes may be unusually small. The only instance which has come to our knowledge is that of Rev. Mr. Weiss of Watertown, who we regret should have been compelled so soon after entering on his professional duties to relinquish them, in consequence of ill health. —Several installations and ordinations have occurred, notices of which will be found under the proper head, and two or three members of the last class from the Divinity School will be ordained as pastors in the course of a few weeks. —Rev. Mr. Thomas has accepted the invitation of the Broadway Unitarian Society in South Boston to remain with them as their minister. —Rev. Mr. Farley, who recently left Eastport, has taken the first steps towards gathering a congregation at East Boston, where he now preaches in a suitable hall every Sunday. —Rev. Mr. Adam, formerly of Cambridge, has acceded to the request of the Unitarian Society at Toronto, Canada, that he would remain with them through the winter. Their success in securing a permanent establishment has exceeded their most confident hopes. A purchase has been made, at a very moderate price, of a meetinghouse formerly occupied by a Methodist congregation, and Mr. Adam, after preaching to them a few Sundays, obtained on a visit to Montreal and the United States the promise of a sufficient subscription to enable the society to pay for the building and to put it in good repair.

In this city the dedication of the house erected by the Second Church in place of the one in which they had so long worshipped has occurred since our last publication. The house has been finished in a style of more than usual elegance, and while the interior exhibits the elaborate ornament of the Gothic architecture, the tower and lofty steeple add much to the goodly appearance of our city. —The Hollis Street meetinghouse having been closed through the summer for repairs, has been reopened within a few weeks, and the usual religious services been resumed. —The Congregational [Trinitarian] church in Green Street have been obliged by pecuniary embarrassments to sell their meetinghouse; which has been bought by the society under the care of Rev. Mr. Towne, who have in consequence relinquished their purpose of erecting a new house on the land they had purchased in Hawkins Street. Rev. Dr. Jenks has resigned his connexion with the "Messiah Church," a portion of whose members have taken the hall in the Tremont Temple lately occupied by Mr. Towne's congregation, and continue to worship under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Chapman. —Rev. George Richards has been ordained as colleague pastor with Rev. Mr. Rogers over the Central [Trinitarian] church. —A singular change has taken place in the use made of two former places of worship, each of which had acquired some notoriety in the religious history of Boston. The "Marlboro' Chapel" has been converted into a hall for the exhibition of a Chinese Museum; and the "Tabernacle" in Howard Street has been remodelled and opened for dramatic performances.

*Installations and Ordinations.* — Rev. STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH, late of Washington, D. C., was installed at NASHVILLE, N. H., as minister of "the Unitarian church of Nashua and Nashville," September 17, 1845. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Putnam of Roxbury, Mass., from Matthew xi. 28; the Prayer of Installation was offered by Rev. Mr. Miles of Lowell, Mass.; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Gannett of Boston, Mass.; the Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Mr. Peabody of New Bedford, Mass.; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Osgood of Providence, R. I.; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Babbidge of Pepperell, Mass., Cutler of Peterboro', N. H., and Morse of Tyngsboro', Mass.

Rev. WILLIAM MORSE, late of Marlboro', was installed over the First Congregational Church and Society in TYNGSBORO', Mass., September 25, 1845. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Ellis of Charlestown, from John v. 43; the Prayer of Installation was offered by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton; the Right Hand of Fellowship was given by Rev. Mr. Babbidge of Pepperell; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Miles of Lowell; and the other services by Rev. Messrs. Bulfinch of Nashville, N. H., Chandler of Shirley, and Kinsley of Stow.

Rev. WILLIAM C. TENNEY was ordained as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in KENNEBUNK, Me., October 7, 1845. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H., from Luke xvii. 20; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Nichols of Portland, Me.; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Wheeler of Topsham, Me.; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Coolidge of Boston; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Waterston of Boston; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Smith, Nichols of Saco, and Wheeler.

Rev. EPHRAIM NUTE Jr., recently from Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in PETERSHAM, Mass., October 15, 1845. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston, from Hebrews xiii. 17; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Thompson of Barre; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Willson of Grafton; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; and the other services, by Rev. Mr. Gage, late pastor of the church, and Rev. Dr. Willard of Deerfield.

*Dedications.* — The Congregational meetinghouse in SOMERVILLE, Mass., was dedicated September 3, 1845. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Ellis of Charlestown, from 1 Kings viii. 27; the Dedicationary Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Hodges of Cambridge; and the other services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Stetson of Medford, Newell of Cambridge, and Gray of Boston.

The meetinghouse just erected by the Unitarian Society in POMFRET, Vt., was dedicated September 11, 1845. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Livermore, of Keene, N. H., from Genesis xxviii. 17 and 1 Timothy ii. 5; the Dedicationary Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Willis of Walpole, N. H.; and the other services were conducted by Elders Hazen and Kidder of Woodstock, Vt., Rev. Mr. Willis, and Rev. Messrs. Streeter and Daggett of Woodstock.

The meetinghouse recently erected by the Second Church in Boston, Mass., on the site of their former house of worship, was dedicated September 17, 1845. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Robbins, the pastor, from John ii. 16; the Prayer of Dedication was offered by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston; and the other services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Chelsea, Rev. Dr. Pierce of Brookline, and Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston.

The meetinghouse of the First Congregational Society in BROOKLYN, Conn., having been repaired and remodelled, so as to present in the interior an entirely new appearance, was dedicated anew October 1, 1845. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston, from Romans iv. 13; the Prayer of Dedication was offered by Rev. Mr. May of Leicester, Mass., and the other Services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Snow, pastor of the church, and Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston.

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#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*Harvard University.* — The resignation of President Quincy and the death of Judge Story have deprived this institution of two of its most efficient officers. Mr. Quincy closed his official connexion with the College on the last Commencement day, when resolutions expressing the sense entertained by the Board of Overseers of his past services were presented to him in public by Governor Briggs. Resolutions of a similar character had been passed by the Corporation and the Academical Faculty. The duties of the Presidency are discharged, during the vacancy in the office, by Professor Walker. — The loss which the University has sustained in the removal of Judge Story is doubly severe, as he had not only through his connexion with the Law School as Dane Professor raised it to a state of great prosperity, but had long been a member of the Corporation. Besides the commemorative Discourse by Professor Greenleaf of which we have taken notice in another place, the members of the Suffolk Bar have requested Hon. Daniel Webster to deliver an Eulogy on this distinguished civilian, whose name sheds such honor on American jurisprudence. — An Eulogy on the late Henry Ware, D. D., Hollis Professor of Divinity, was delivered at Cambridge on Sunday evening, September 28, by Dr. Palfrey; of which we need only say in anticipation of its appearance from the press, that it was an altogether worthy tribute to the memory of a revered instructor and friend.

Notwithstanding the loss of such valuable and devoted guardians of its welfare, the University was never in a more prosperous state than at the present moment. The Freshman Class in the College is unusually large, and the number of students in the other departments of the institution shows that the public are not insensible to the advantages they afford for gaining a professional education. The Treasurer's "Statement" for the financial year 1844-45 exhibits a very satisfactory state of the general, as well as a judicious management of the specific, funds. The Expenditure of the year has been kept below the amount of Income, while aid has been extended to students needing such assistance, and additions have been made to the Library. We commend one sentence in this "Statement" to the

notice of certain persons who may be glad to plead ignorance as an excuse for past misrepresentation. "The funds of the Theological Institution," says the Treasurer, "like those of the Law and Medical Schools, are entirely distinct from those of the College; and not a dollar of the money given for the support or instruction of the undergraduates has ever been diverted from its legitimate purpose to the benefit of either of the Schools connected with the College." The erection of the Observatory has been carried on the last year, and the work is nearly completed. Every means has been taken to provide a structure that by the solidity of its foundations and the convenience of its arrangements should be adequate for the purpose to which it will be devoted, while all needless expense has been carefully avoided. In consequence of the liberal donation of Hon. David Sears, the building will bear the name of the Sears Tower.

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*New Works.* — Professor Stuart of Andover has just sent from the press a "Critical History and Defence of the Old Testament Canon," in one volume, 12mo, a notice of which, prepared for this number, we have been obliged to omit. — A second American edition has been published of the "Memoirs of Oberlin," with the Introduction written by the late Mr. Ware, and with some "additions." We need say nothing in commendation of this book. — Allen, Morrill & Wardwell of Andover have published "A Selection from the Writings" of Bishop Hall, edited by A. H. Clapp of the Andover Theological Seminary, which appears to have been prepared with care, and will be an acceptable volume to those who love to read the old English practical divinity. — A volume has been sent to us from a London publishing house, entitled "Sketches of Sermons on Christian Missions: original and selected;" of which, as containing either specimens of preaching or discussions of themes relevant to the subject indicated by the title, we cannot speak in terms that would be agreeable to the compiler. — Rev. Dr. Beard of Manchester, England, whose literary industry amidst his professional duties fills us with amazement, has issued the first number of "The People's Dictionary of the Bible," in 32 pages, 8vo, double columns; — a work, which "will be completed in about thirty numbers, issued monthly, forming two volumes." Of this we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

We are glad to announce that Rev. Dr. Noyes of Cambridge has in press "A new Translation of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Canticles, with Introductions and Notes." This volume will be a continuation of Professor Noyes's translations of the books of the Old Testament, of which Job, Psalms, and the Prophets have been already published. — A new Hymn-book for the use of Christian congregations, compiled by Rev. Mr. Briggs of Plymouth, has just been published. A revised and enlarged edition of the New York Collection is also nearly ready to appear. Of these, as well as the other Collections recently made, we hope to speak at large in our next number. — Mr. R. W. Emerson has in press a volume of Poems, which will be welcomed by his friends. — "The Harbinger" is the title of a weekly paper, of 16 pages, 4to., "devoted to social and political progress," and "published simultaneously at New York and Boston, by the Brook Farm Phalanx." Although we do not accept the theory of social reorganization which it is intended to support, we recognise



with pleasure the hand of a friend, and a former contributor to our journal, in the editorial department. — We copy the following announcement from a number of the *Phalanx* published a few weeks since. "We are authorised to state that the translation of Fourier's Writings is in progress, and that it will probably be ready for publication in the course of the present summer. George Ripley, President of the Brook Farm Phalanx, and A. Brisbane, who is at present there, are engaged on it."

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#### OBITUARY.

REV. JAMES BLODGETT died at Lexington, Mass., July 16, 1845, aged 33 years. Mr. Blodgett was a graduate of Harvard University of the class of 1841. By his industry during the last years of his College life, he was enabled to become immediately a member of the Middle Class in the Divinity School, and left Cambridge two years later, in 1843. At this period his health was feeble, and for the sake of its improvement he entered on a missionary tour at the West. The change and travel were partially successful, and he returned to New England with a fairer prospect of life and usefulness. He was soon invited to preach in Deerfield, where his services proved so acceptable that he was almost unanimously requested to remain as pastor over the First Congregational church in that ancient town. He was ordained to this sacred charge, January 17, 1844. From this time his prospects darkened. The symptoms of disease returned upon him in aggravated forms, and after a ministry of little more than a year, he finally resigned his place. He retired to Lexington among his friends, and there passed his remaining days.

This seems a short history; but worth is not measured by periods of time. Our brother who has left us did but little as the world estimates labor. *Here*, his was peculiarly a preparatory work. This was well done. He put aside obstacles, and moulded many adverse circumstances to the higher purposes of his individual will. He was tried by poverty and sickness. These are stern teachers, and they gave to him the virtues necessary to meet and bear them—hope, and perseverance, and a faith that lives in the future. Hence he so cheerfully bore the disappointment of an early surrender of his cherished plans, and at last so calmly went to his rest. His life was Christian, and death only added a single new evidence. An esteemed and venerable friend of the writer of this notice speaks of him as follows:—"Some of the traits of his character were very conspicuous. Among these was a mental discernment, prompt and clear, a ready apprehension of the bearing and force of an argument, and a freedom from that pride of opinion which would prevent him from yielding when convinced. He had a high standard of justice and generosity, was inflexible in his purpose of doing his duty, and though mild and candid in his expressions, he had no fear of consequences in uttering what he thought true and right. A saying of his was perfectly characteristic: 'I would rather lose my will than be afraid to use it.' His style of preaching was plain and eminently practical." Solemn but simple is the admonition that comes again to his brethren—to preach and to live Christ.

c.

HON. JOSEPH STORY, one of the associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University, died at Cambridge, Mass., September 10, 1845, aged 65 years. This distinguished man was born in Marblehead, where he received his early education. Entering at a somewhat advanced standing, he was graduated with honor in Harvard University in 1798, in the same class of which the late William E. Channing and Joseph Tuckerman were members. He early adopted the law as the profession of his choice, and was admitted to the Bar in 1801; was elected in 1805 one of the Representatives of the then town of Salem in the Legislature of Massachusetts, to which (except for a short interval in 1809, when he was chosen to supply a vacancy in the representation of his District in Congress) he was annually re-elected till his promotion to the Bench; and was also for a short term the Speaker of that House. In 1811, at the age of thirty-two, he was appointed by Mr. Madison one of the associate Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States; and "never," says Professor Greenleaf in his faithful eulogy, "was this honor so early achieved; never more purely and worthily worn." In 1818 he was elected an Overseer of Harvard College, and in 1825 was chosen a Fellow of the Corporation. In 1829, he accepted the Dane Professorship of Law in Cambridge University, being expressly designated to this office by its munificent founder; and in the faithful and honorable discharge of the duties of this office and of his still higher trust as a Judge he spent the remainder of his life, which was closed after a short but painful illness, just before the completion of his sixty-sixth year.

No event of the kind has called forth a deeper interest or sincerer grief throughout the nation than the death of this distinguished and lamented man. Tributes not less just than eloquent, have been offered to his memory by his professional associates, who were competent witnesses of his honorable career, and by others, his friends and fellow-citizens, who knew or had heard of his character and services. The Bar and the Pulpit, the Tribunals of justice and the Schools of learning have spoken; and their united and heartfelt testimony conspires with the public voice in deploring the loss of a learned and upright judge, of a wise and honored teacher, of a virtuous and patriotic citizen, of a warm and faithful friend, and above all, of a sincere and exemplary Christian. Judge Story was firm and open in his attachment to the principles of Liberal Christianity, and was from its formation a Vice President, and afterwards President, of the American Unitarian Association. His calm and enlightened submission to the Divine will was proved in hours of domestic bereavement, and in the prospect of a departure from life at a time when in view of cherished plans of usefulness life must have been most dear to him.

P.

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\* \* \* Religious and Literary Intelligence which we had hoped to give in this number is necessarily excluded.

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
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
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
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
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